



1960

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

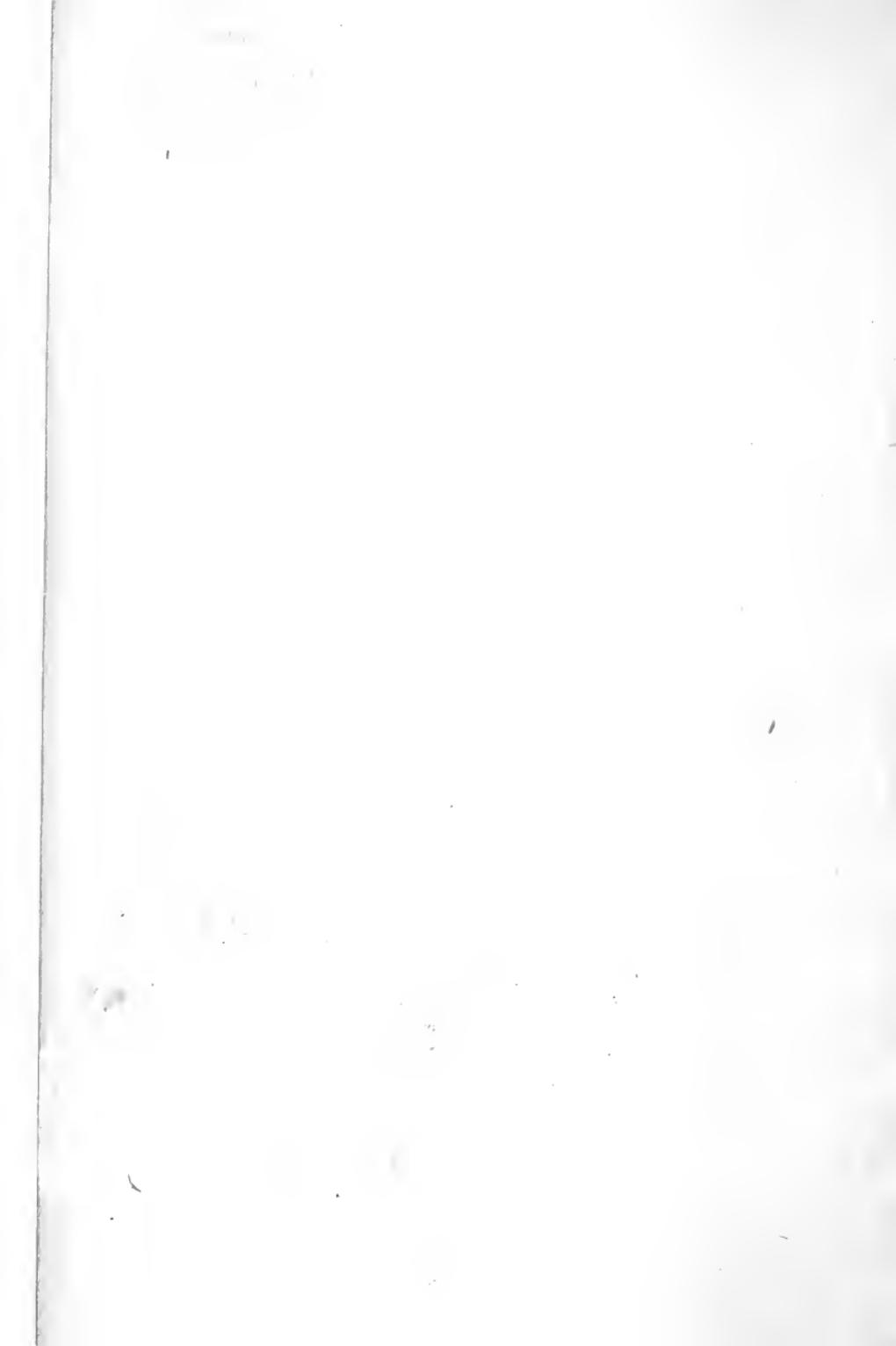
Chap. 1.

No.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

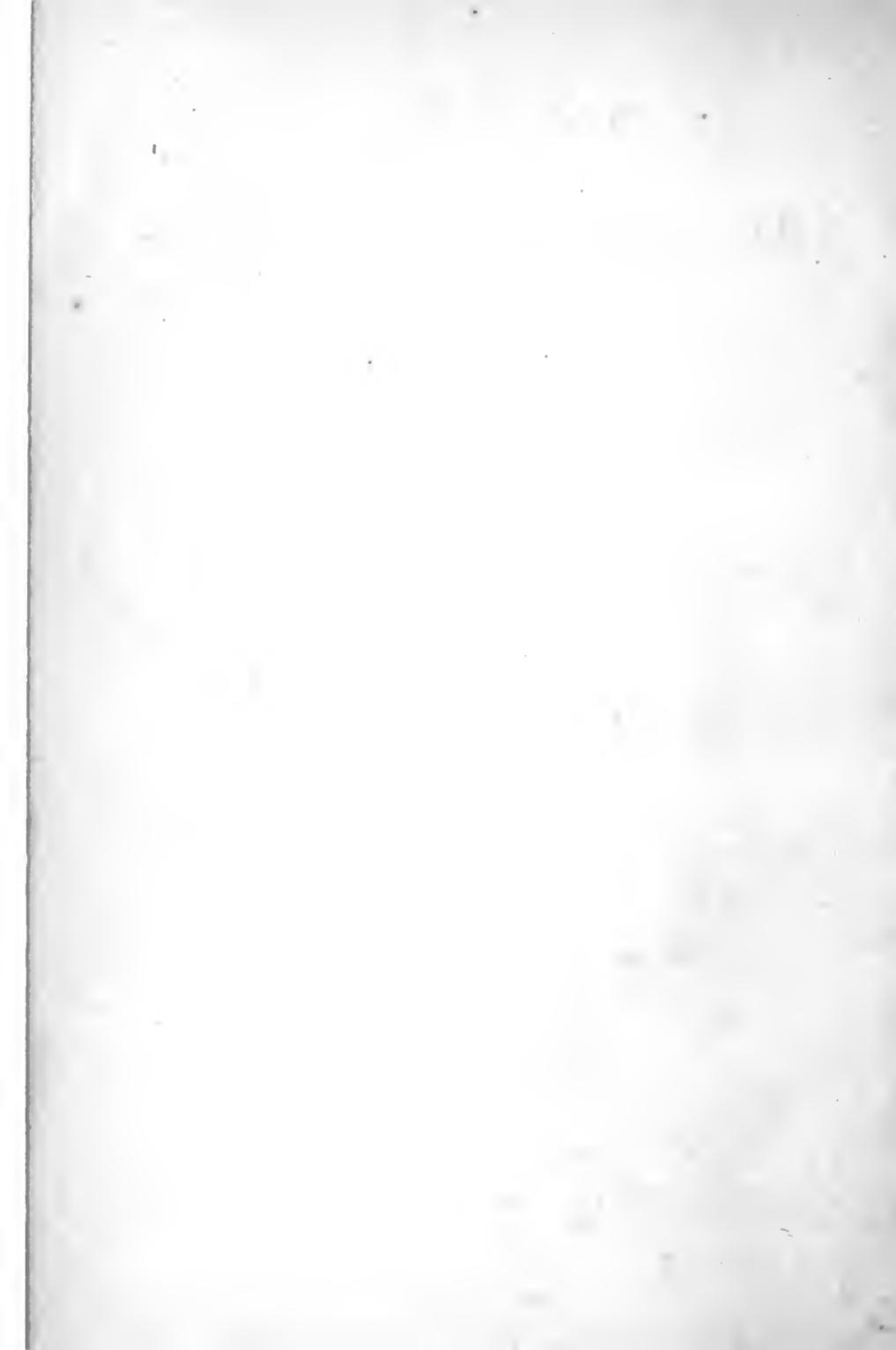






A Z O N,

THE INVADER OF EDEN.



AZON,

THE INVADER OF EDEN;

OR,

IMMORTALITY SNATCHED FROM THE TREE OF LIFE.

A Leaf torn from the Book of the Recording Angel, Millions of
Years after the Judgment.

BY GEO. VAN WATERS.

"And the LORD God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever;

"Therefore the LORD God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

"So he drove out the man: and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."



NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1858.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

GEORGE VAN WATERS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

W. H. TINSON, Stereotyper and Printer,
Rear of 43 & 45 Centre St., N. Y.

P R E F A C E .

OF the political divisions of the earth before the Flood, we know nothing definitely. In describing the Garden of Eden, Moses tells us as follows: “And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold. And the gold of that land is good; there is bdellium and the onyx-stone. And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia. And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it that goeth towards the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is Euphrates.” Thus, it will be seen, that Ethiopia, Assyria, and Havilah, are the only countries alluded to by the Inspired Historian, in the brief account he has left us of the Antediluvians.

Whether the Havilah here referred to, was named from Havilah the son of Cush, and grandson of Ham, or from Havilah, son of Jocktan, and fifth descendant from Shem; or whether that was the name of a political

division, that existed before the Flood, remains as yet an unsettled question.

We deem it highly probable that many of Noah's posterity were named from persons who lived before the Flood. "The mighty men" and "men of renown" spoken of in Genesis, chapter vi., verse 4, must have found many admirers among the immediate descendants of Noah; and we are inclined to believe, that most of the names, recorded in the tenth chapter of Genesis, had been already made famous by the heroes that flourished and died before the Deluge. In what consisted the achievements of those "mighty men" of the Antediluvian world, if the founding and naming of states and kingdoms is not to be reckoned among their works?

We cannot conceive how, or why, the destruction of the people of a country, should change the name of the country: much less, how, or why, it should change the names of its rivers and mountains. If the inhabitants of a well-known country at the present day, were to be destroyed by some great agency, like a deluge, who is there so unreasonable, as to claim that the name of the country, as well as the names of its rivers and mountains, would immediately undergo a change?

From viewing the subject in this light, we have been led to believe that Ethiopia, Havilah, Egypt, the land of Uz, the plain of Shinar, and perhaps Assyria, are names that were used to designate countries before the Deluge.

In regard to the location of the Havilah, referred to by Moses in his description of the Garden of Eden, the authorities are not all united. Some have fixed its location near the mouths of the Tigris and Euphrates. Others have given it a more northern position; sup-

posing it to have occupied the section of country near the origin of those rivers. In this work we have followed the latter authority.

As there is no mention made by Moses of the removal or the destruction of the Garden of Eden after the fall of man, we have embraced the hypothesis, that it remained, guarded by "Cherubims and a flaming sword," in the condition that it was left by Adam and Eve, up to the time of the Deluge.

Of what particular sins the Antediluvians were guilty, we have no certain knowledge. Moses tells us, that the earth had become "corrupt before God." And that "the earth was filled with violence." That witchcraft, sorcery, magic, and even human sacrifice, were among their crimes, we think there is but little room to question. Indeed the art of sorcery, magic, and astrology, among the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Persians, seems to have been coeval with the nations themselves.

That the plan of our work may be better understood by the general reader, we deem it not out of place, to point to a few of the great moral truths, that we have labored to convey through the medium of its poetic imagery.

One of the cardinal features of this poem, in the way of its moral lessons, is seen in the effort or attempt, made by Azon to reinstate man's immortality. For the accomplishment of which, the air, the land, the seas, the stars, the universe of matter, the potency of magic, the power of philosophy, is each in its turn called upon and invoked to yield the mighty secret; to yield an antidote, that will rob the grave of its spoils, and heal the wound that sin has made. But failing in all these, and

driven almost to despair by the death of his loved-ones, he (Azon), makes the long-contemplated and hazardous attempt upon the Tree of Life, under the cover and aid of one of the most potent spirits of Heaven. The fruit is reached, plucked, and eaten.—But lo! of a sudden, what is the revealment?—an immortality of mere worthless dust is incurred!—an immortal and aspiring spirit, that was born to inherit all the wealth of God, is bound forever to a dull lump of clay! And in this we have the great moral truth demonstrated, that through Christ, and Christ alone (that is Virtue, Truth and Purity), can we attain to an immortality of bliss.

But the chief moral, and great burthen of this work, is the question of a future beyond death—or in other words—“If a man die will he live again?” This is a question, the importance of which throws all others into the back-ground. The ambitions, the hopes, the schemes, the cares and anxieties of this life, when placed by its side, dwindle or diminish to a paltry insignificance.

Every person, acquainted with mankind, is well aware that there are vast numbers of noble and gifted natures in the world, in whose minds Hope acts but an indifferent part; and who from this constitutional defect, throughout their entire life-time, are seen vibrating between a hope for an eternal future upon the one side, and the fearful apprehensions of an eternal annihilation upon the other.

In the character of Azon, we have the embodiment not only of the Infidel philosopher, but of the self-sacrificing philanthropist. He has every element that exalts man in the scale of intellect, morality, and humanity. He is the true friend, the devoted husband,

and the fond parent. Possessing every quality that enters into the character of the Christian, save Faith. His only sin being *distrust*; distrust of nature and of nature's God in relation to a provision of a future state. He demands the material evidence (overlooking the spiritual), that man lives beyond this life. In the absence of positive or tangible proof, death and the grave become objects of dread and terror. According to conclusions drawn from the analogies of nature,—as that of the death of the plant and the lower animal,—he must soon witness the extinguishment of all that is near and dear to him in the night of the grave.

And here we may remark, that the firm believer in a future state knows but little of that indefinable anguish that tortures the heart and soul of the infidel, when he is called to the side of some loved-one about to bid, as he supposes, an everlasting adieu to earth and being. Hence, to the natural-born Christian believer, the emotions of Azon, upon the death of both LULAH and ADAH, may seem extravagant. But to one whose philosophy has inclined him to look upon the grave as the finale of man's being, to such, we opine, the picture will approach somewhat to a faithful daguerreotype of nature, as we find her in one of her most frightful moods.

Azon, as he goes away through the gloom of space, and is finally lost in the dark and starless abyss of the Infinite, is the type of infidelity and poor doubting humanity, as it sinks away into the arms of shadowy death. The restoration of Azon to the heaven of the blest is but a faint beam of the astounding and wonderful discovery that the soul of "the little in faith" makes, when the light of eternity and immortality breaks in upon its feeble vision.

The ceaseless longings of the soul for a life in the future, its quenchless thirst for immortality, is one of the strongest presumptive evidences that we find in nature of a future life. And yet what does this love of life spring from, if it is not in a great degree prompted by the affections or the social faculties of our natures? Who would be delighted with a future life, if he could not be allowed the society of his friends? Hence it is, in illustration of this great and crowning element of our natures, and that has so burthened and pervaded our poem, that ADAH (in Scene ii. Act iv. of Part ii.) is made to act so important a part.

The endearing fondness and attachment that AZON manifests towards ADAH might be construed as bordering somewhat upon the uxorious, if we did not consider the peculiar relationship that they hold to each other after AZON has ceased to be mortal. The dread hour, like a dark cloud, when he must see her fade for ever from his presence, is continually before him. The music of that tongue is soon to be hushed; the light of those eyes is to be for ever quenched or withdrawn. And though the spirit's tongue may resume the harmony, and the spirit's eyes may rekindle the starry radiance in a higher and better sphere, yet to him it is the same as though the grave had extinguished all that was once his loved ADAH.

We have made no effort to write a love-tale, in the common acceptation of that term. If the love-passion have an expression in this work, it is that of the most etherialized character; more of mind than of matter; more of spiritual affinity than of gross and animal attraction; more of the heavenly than of the earthly. It is not the passion of the hour, the day, or the year,

but that which outlasts time, and is only measured by eternity.

The banishment of MAGII to a world whose inhabitants were of a kindred character with himself, is an illustration of the workings of the great law of assimilation seen in every department of nature, and presents the rationale of rewards and punishments. Spotless purity and truth can alone assimilate us with God; the moment we become impure by sin, that moment we are divorced from God: and in the exact ratio or degree that we approach to, or recede from purity and truth; will we approach to or recede from God. The position that the soul will occupy, after it leaves the body, will be determined by its own specific gravity. It will rise or fall, the same as MAGII, till it reaches a strata of its own density, and with which it can assimilate.

Though the plan of this work is based somewhat upon the doctrines of the Bible, yet nearly all the evidences adduced in support of a future state are such as have been carefully culled from the book of nature. A book that the infidel is bound to respect, and a book that the advocate of Christianity is too apt to overlook and pass by. It is true that among our evidences the Bible doctrine of faith is enumerated. Our reason for this is, that Faith is a natural ingredient or element of the mind of man, and to be classed among those witnesses of a future that the finger of the great Creator has engraven upon the human heart. As the past history of our world is written upon the leaves of the rock-strata, so upon the strata of the human soul may the impartial and true son of science read the soul's history for infinite ages to come.

If from a few inanimate, mouldy reliques of the past

we are justified in laying the foundation for one of the most sublime of modern sciences, with how much higher claims to philosophy may we build up a science of the soul's immortality, whose data would comprise an order of fossil in which the life principle is never found extinct !

CANTON FALLS, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

August 1, 1858.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AZON.—*King of Havilah, and Invader of Eden.*—The Eater of the fruit from the Tree of Life.

ENOCII.—*Prophet of the Lord*; afterwards translated.

JUBAL.—*A Musician*; inventor of the harp and organ.

BELUS.—*A Magian and leader of that sect.*

IVON.—*Brother to Azon.*

ASHUR.—*King of Assyria*; one of the Seven Kings that leagued against AZON.

THE LEAGUED KINGS.—*Invaders of Havilah.*

ALI HARAN.—*An Arab Merchant.*

A TRAVELLER.

ADAH.—*Wife of Azon and daughter of Enoch.*

LULAH.—*Daughter of Adah and Azon.*

SPIRITS.

MAGII.—*An Archangel*; dealer in magic and enchantments, afterwards exiled or banished from Heaven, when he becomes Ruler of the World of Enchantments.

URIEL.—*Messenger of Heaven.*

GABRIEL.—*Archangel.*

ANGEL OF TIME.

Also; *Angels, Seraphs, Cherubim, Magians, Sorcerers, Necromancers, Goblins, Fiends, Phantoms, &c.*

SCENE.—*On the Earth—in the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates—Garden of Eden—Arabia—Bolivia, S. A. Also, in Space, beyond the bounds of matter, Chaos; and lastly Heaven.*

TIME.—*From before the Deluge of Noah to ages after the final Judgment.*

A Z O N,

THE INVADER OF EDEN.



PART I.

PROLOGUE.

“SPIRIT OF PHILOSOPHY.”

THE mystery of ‘being’ or the riddle of ‘to be,’ who can solve it? who can light up so dark a page?

Why are we here with the moth? Whence did we come? and whither do we go? Are we sons and daughters of God? shall our years run on parallel with his? Or are we kindred of the leaf and the worm? Are our hopes and dreams the true harbingers of our destinies? or are they but the vain offspring of our elated pride?

Why hast thou hidden thyself, O thou Mysterious One? Dost thou alone reveal thy face in the star, the sunbeam, and the green earth? Hast thou no voice save in the wind, the thunder, and the cataract? Is there no way, more direct, by which thy children may reach thee? Vainly have I toiled to scale the mountain where thou hast spread thy pavilion! The

ambition of my youth was to know and measure thee. For this purpose, did I hide myself from the face of men ; I took no note of time ; I marked not the years ; I became forgetful of the earth ; my companions were the stars, and Nature was my book ; and thus, after years of toil and searching, I exclaimed in the pride of my heart : “ I have found thee !—I have found thee ! O thou great Builder of the Universe ! I have looked in upon the hidden places of thy vast realm ! I have numbered thy suns ! I have traced light and life to their origin ! Upon the pages of the great stone-book, that thou didst bury in the earth, have I beheld the light of thy visage, beaming up through the grey mist of ages ! From the fountain of knowledge have I drank until I have become like unto thee ! I am exalted among the angels ! Am I not their equal ?

Then, from the depths of the Infinite, a voice spake, saying : Away with thy pedantic lore, O boasting Clay ! Cooped up in thy narrow house, what knowest thou of the Great Universe ? Fixed to a little point in space, how vainly dost thou grasp at the Infinite ! Ignorant of even thyself, what knowest thou of the Fountain of all Being ? Insect of an hour, how shall thy feeble wing bear thee up, over the wide-spread ocean of eternity ? If thy pride elate thee, go show thyself to thy kindred worms : tell them of thy wisdom ; call upon them to do thee homage ! But if thou wouldest be humble, and know even a little of God,—Go to, link hands with the star-beam, and journey out into the blue fields of space. Count not the distance of thy course ; make no note of the time ; end thy journey in a day or continue it for millions of years.—It is all one. The wings of the beam shall not tire, or its motion abate.—And then I said in my thoughts to the beam : “ Whither

flyest thou, O Beam ! and to what far-off goal dost thou lead me ?” Then thē voice of the beam spake, in music-tones, sweeter than the cherub’s lips : “ I am the winged messenger of God. Born of a lovely star that shines beyond the light of Nebulae ; for millions of ages have I darted forth upon my swift wings, and for ages upon ages infinite must I fly, for my mission is to sing of God, and to spread the glad tidings of his love ;” “ Insect, go back to thy green leaf, to thy little pore of matter, remembering that the suns thou hast seen, shining like the dust of the mine, are but a handful of sand on the shore of the Ocean God.—Take hold of my sister’s hand ; she will lead thee baek to thy little world.—Does it look small to thee ?—Be content ; abide thy time, for Patience and Adversity are thy tutors. Faith and love to God, will one day lend thee wings. But Truth and Purity can alone lead thee to God.”

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Capital of Havilah.—A flower garden near the king's residence.

Enter ENOCH and ADAH.

ADAH.

Where hast thou been, my father ?—years have passed
Since thou didst visit us. Where hast thou been ?

ENOCH.

Oh, I have passed through many changes, child ;
Have travelled o'er all kingdoms of the earth ;
Telling the goodness of the Lord to all.
Many have sought to take thy father's life ;
Kings have conspired against him, evil men,
Because he would not call their evil good—
Because he did their wickedness denounce—
In palaces thy father has not dwelt ;
The wilderness for years has been his home ;
Ravens have fed, lions have brought him food.
The basilisk, and the fierce flying serpent,
The dragon, with his mortal, barbed dart,
His feet have trod upon, his hands have pressed

And yet thy father did sustain no harm ;
The panoply of God was over him.

ADAH.

Thy work has been beyond thy strength ; thy powers
Are overtaxed.—Oh thou wilt make thy stay
In Havilah henceforth among thy friends !
Thou shalt be cared for here ; all Havilah
Shall at thy service be.

ENOCH

Thou art very kind,
My daughter, very kind.—I would accept,
Most gladly such a home ; but knowst thou not,
Thy father has a work on earth to do—
A mighty work, that taxes all his mind
And energies ?

ADAH.

And yet thou needst a home !

ENOCH.

I have a home, my child, not made with hands.

ADAH.

What, thou a home ! 'tis not in Havilah ?

ENOCH.

A fairer land than Havilah !

ADAH.

Where can it be ?

'Tis not along the banks of Hiddekel ;

Nor where the Gihon laves the flowery fields
 Of Ethiopia ; nor among the groves
 Where winds the great Euphrates : it is not
 On Shinar's plain, nor in the land of Uz.

ENOCH.

Those lands are beautiful ; thy father's feet
 Have pressed their soil ; the rivers, thou hast named,
 Have slaked his thirst and bathed his fevered brow.

ADAH.

I grant them fair, but not as Havilah :
 The groves of Havilah—the orange groves,
 The palm groves, and the groves of stately pine ;
 The vine-clad hills ; the green and fruitful vales ;
 But most of all, the birds and lovely flowers,
 That sing and bloom by Pi-som's golden wave—
 Oh ! they are what no other land can claim.

ENOCH.

All beautiful ; but there's a better land,
 A land where pain and sorrow never come.

ADAH.

It is not Eden thou referrest to ?
 Eden skirts Havilah upon the west ;
 The Tree of Life grows there, laden with fruit ;
 Fruit that King Azon fain would pluck and eat.

ENOCH.

O, oh, my child ! hast thou forgotten all
 The truths thy father taught thee in thy youth ?

Did I not tell thee of a better land,
Beyond the narrow portals of the tomb,
Where all the pure and upright dwell with God ?

ADAH.

Thy teachings all, I do remember well,
Much have I thought upon that better land
Beyond the gloomy grave : but Azon fears,
The loss of Eden leaves us *in* the grave.

ENOCH.

How prone to error all the sons of men !
Full forty years ago, the self-same words
I heard from Azon's mouth, from Azon's lips ;
I deemed it then a fancy of the brain,
That time would drive away. But, ah ! it seems
To be an ailment of the mind itself.
Is it not wonderful, that one so wise
In all things else, upon a point like this
Should wildly err ? Oh ! what a noble work
Of God, is Azon, King of Havilah.
Azon the wise, Azon the virtuous king—
Among all people, where-so-e'er I've been,
His name for wisdom is renowned. Mankind,
In every land save Havilah, are slaves,
Beneath the iron rod of kingly power.
War, rapine, blood, and human sacrifice,
Unbridled lust, inordinate desires,
These kings are guilty of.—At mid-day, stalks
Murder unhanged and unrebuked, throughout
Their realms, ill-governed and accurst.—But here,

Save where the bane of that unhallowed art
 Of sorcery and magic is infused,
 The laws are made to serve one end alone,—
 The people's happiness, the people's good.
 And yet 'tis strange, surpassing strange, how one
 So wise, beneficent, and good in all
 Things else, upon a road so plain as this
 Should lose his way. Who planted in the heart,
 Or in the soul, this love of life—this dread
 Of death? Who made the noble breast abhor
 Injustice, treachery, and every wrong?—
 In every heart, there is a promise given
 Of life beyond the tomb, a hand-mark left,
 With finger pointing upward to the sky.—
 Is He, who planted justice in the soul,
 Himself unjust? Is He, who planted truth,
 Himself untrue? Why, child, if it be thus,
 God's creatures then are nobler far than God!
 For they would scorn to do a work so base;
 Had they the power to make as God has power.

ADAH.

Thy words fall on my heart like gentle dews.
 Azon and Lulah both must hear thy words;—
 We will retire unto our dwelling now,
 For lo! the daylight fades, the night comes on!

ENOCH.

The night I must devote unto the Lord;
 I must not stop beneath thy roof to-night,
 The spirit calls me to the wilderness.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE 2.

INTRODUCTORY.

A sand-plain near the capital of Harilah.—Time, midnight.

Enter BELUS.

BELUS.

It is the hour of midnight, and he comes
Not yet. My charms are powerless over him
Here on these barren sands I saw him last,
A bold, ambitious seraph, that aspires
To soar where angel's wing ne'er reached before.
Spirits there are whose thoughts are occupied
Solely with earth and men. Aye, those there be
Whose greatest glory is the battle-field,
Into whose ears war's braying trumpet pours
More welcome music than their own bright harps.
While others flamed with love and amorous thoughts,
Leaving their cherub mates in widowhood
Alone, all pining in their blissful bowers,
Come down into this wintry world of ours,
And from among the tender and the fair
Of earth's most beauteous daughters, take them wives ;
But he, the lofty and aspiring one,
Doth wander on through nature's vast domains
In the pursuit of knowledge and of power—

Power that would govern all created things—
 Power that is centered in the Charmer's art.
 I do remember once he did relate,
 That on a time, by a most potent charm,
 A savage comet in the skies he tamed ;
 Calling him from his desert wild retreat
 Into a neighborhood of gentle stars,
 Sheared off his shaggy locks and taught his feet
 To tread the graceful dance with silvery spheres.
 Such power is measureless !—had I his power,
 All nations of the earth should be my slaves.
 Methought the spell I cast would bring him here ;
 He will alone to Azon's call respond.
 Azon I hate, nor Magii do I love ;
 They gave unto the world the enchanter's art,
 And now disclaim the right to use the art ;
 And yet while Belus lives the art shall live,
 Despite of Azon or his great compeer.

Enter CITIZEN of Havilah.

CITIZEN.

Ah, why is this ? why thus alone ? O Chief !
 These are the grounds, the magians' rendezvous,
 And this the night for sorcery and charms—
 The night for penance, prayer and sacrifice.

BELUS.

I hear a sound of footsteps that proclaims
 The magians near. So for the coming work
 Let us prepare

CITIZEN.

Thine art, O wizard Chief !
 Ere I can yield thee aid, I first must learn ;
 Thou wilt, before the magians here convene,
 A few of its strange mysteries explain.—
 What rod is that thou hold'st within thy hand ?
 What mean those bones so dry and sinewless ?
 What packages of umbelliferous plants—
 Bottles of curious workmanship, filled up
 With liquid compounds ; and what strange lines
 And figures of the starry heavens are here
 On parchment drawn with accuracy and care ?—
 The black path of a comet this reveals !—
 His entrance here has turned the skies aghast !—
 And there his exit, bids all fears subside.

BELUS.

Thy questions are a proof of ignorance !
 This slender reed I hold within my hand
 Is the charmed sceptre of the magian's power.
 First with its point an orbit I will mark,
 That like a wall of fire will fence us in,
 Secure from the assault of damned gholes.
 Here, in this package, I a perfume have,
 From an enchanted island in the sea ;
 The hand that gave it me is in the grave,
 The spirit wailing in the gulf of hell.
 These luminous light-giving particles,
 Are phosphorescent minerals dropped from off
 A blasphemous red-visaged meteor,

That mutters out his curses at the stars,
 Lighting his hell-torch at God's holy shrine ;
 The bundle there, contains my father's bones ;
 At midnight's dark and silent hour I dug
 Into the old man's grave, and drew them out ;
 I sometimes burn a blue light in his skull,
 Using the marrow of the bones for oil :
 This charm will keep the fiercest fiends at bay.

Enter a large number of magians, wizards, sorcerers, sooth-sayers, etc., leading a captive bound in chains.

This is the place, build ye an altar here ;
 Aye, light the fagots, lay the victim on,
 And when his death-moan rises from the fires,
 Let each be ready for to act his part.

[*The magians build an altar, and laying the victim thereon proceed to set fire to the fuel.*

This is an offering to the evil powers ;
 To our enchantments it shall yield a power ;
 We will the very heavens bring down to-night,
 Make Nature groan through all her empire vast,
 As thus in one our damned charms we cast.

Enter ENOCH.

ENOCH.

Oh ! ye perverse and wicked race of men,
 Magians of earth, wizards and sorcerers !
 Ye who have found out hidden mysteries !
 Ye who have stolen from the Court of Heaven

The statute-book of God, and made apply,
To wicked ends, its laws so wise and good !
Ye, who have broken down the barriers
That separate the spirit-world from earth !
Ye, who are cursing earth, by your dark deeds
Heaping up wrath unto the day of wrath.
Say ! Do ye know there is a Power in heaven,
A God that formed the earth, and formed the heaven,
Whose guardian eye is over all his works,
Who cares for all the creatures of his make,
Who in his wrath has sworn to vengeance take,
On the transgressor ?—by that holy name,
His servant, stand I, in your presence here,
To raise my voice against your evil deeds—
Aye, to command you by that holy One
To tear yon altar down, scatter the brands,
Unbind the victim, loose the cruel chain,
And never more be seen in council met
To mock at God and break his sovereign laws.
Jehovah cometh in the clouds of heaven,
His thunder-mists look darkly on the earth
And tell of Man's discomfiture and end.

[*The magicians unbind the captive, tear down the altar, scatter the brands, and as they disperse, BELUS speaks thus aside :*

BELUS.

Let us retire.—This will annul our charms !
The far-famed Seer of Havilah is he ;
All spirits fly his presence as the night
Flies from the day. Before his baleful breath
Our power is scattered as the gossamer

Or chaff before the winds. Thus has it been
For more than forty years.—Yes, all retire :
We'll seek redress henceforth at Azon's hands.

[*Exit magians.*

ENOCH, *to the CAPTIVE.*

Banish thy fears, O Captive ! weep no more,
For they who sought thy life in haste have fled.

CAPTIVE.

O my Deliverer, thou hast my thanks !

ENOCH.

The Lord of lords is thy deliverer ;
Give him thy thanks—aye, give him all the praise.
To the same God that has delivered thee
I purposed here an altar to erect ;
But lo ! the very ground with guilt is stained.
Let us away another spot to find.

[*Exeunt both.*

ACT I.—SCENE 3.

The Capital of Havilah.—Interior of Azon's palace.—Azon upon a throne.—Ivon standing before him.

IVON.

It is a great neglect of thine to let
The enemy invade our goodly land,
Spoiling our vineyards, laying waste our fields,
Driving away our flocks, our people killing.
It was not thus when Aden held the throne.
Aden, our father, was a valiant man—
A man of war, a hero much renowned ;
Kings trembled at his wrath, as o'er the earth
Swayed Havilah the sceptre of her power.
Were I a king, my kingdom should engage
My undivided thoughts, my sole attention.
To make my kingdom great and prosperous,
My subjects happy, and my name revered,
Would be forever present in my mind.
Wouldst thou regain thy sovereignty and power,
And reinstate what thy neglect has lost,
Disband the magi whom thy fostering care
Has made superior to the civil law ;
Tear down the watch-towers, drive from out thy land
The seer, star-gazer and astrologer ;

Leave not the earth to meddle with the skies,
 Shun not thy subjects, nor avoid thy race
 To hold companionship with those that dwell
 Not on the earth. Drive sorrow from thy heart,
 For those whom sorrow never can restore.
 Thy nights are spent in mapping out the stars,
 Counting their periods from eternity,
 Noting their motions and disturbances,
 Their moods and aspects, gentle or malign,
 And from their bright forbidden records reading
 The shadowy future—ages yet remote.
 Here at thy court the magian and the seer,
 The sinful wizard and the necromancer,
 Make a resort and claim thy patronage.
 No mighty generals, from the wars returned,
 Since Aden's death, can Aden's kingdom boast,

AZON.

I would not throw my subjects' lives away ;
 With their dear blood I would not stain the earth ;
 I am an enemy to murderous War—
 He is Death's aid-de-camp, and I to Death
 Am a sworn enemy ; how could I spill
 Life's crimson fountain, save in life's defence ?

IVON.

It is in life's defence I'd have thee war.
 The fairest provinces of all thy realm
 Are now being trampled 'neath the iron heel
 Of leagued barbarians. Give me but permit

To drive them from the borders of our land,
And I will ask no more. Thy subjects wait
Impatient for an order from their king.

AZON.

The lawless plunderer should be chastised,
The bloody hand of war should be smote down,
Is there no other way to keep in check
These helpers-on of death, except it be
By giving aid and countenance to Death ?

IVON.

No other way but meet them sword to sword.

AZON.

Well, then, if it be thus, take thine own course.
I place the matter, Ivon, in thy hands ;
Defend our kingdom, drive the tyrants back,
And when a just rebuke is given them
And order reigns in Havilah once more,
Then sheath the sword and lay the armor by.

IVON.

I go, my brother, as thy word directs.

[*Exit Ivon.*

AZON.

Fitter than I to be a king, by far ;
A nobler heart beats not in human frame.—
But here comes Belus, the fell wizard chief ;

His brow betokens wrath, even as a cloud
Is freighted with the vengeful bolt of heaven.
In his dark eye anger has lit her lamp.

Enter BELUS.

What is thine errand, Belus ?

BELUS.

I have come,
O King, an act of justice at thy hands
To claim. Thou hast among thy kindred here,
One that will prove the ruin of thy realm.

AZON.

One that will prove the ruin of my realm !
Speak thou his name, O sinful Sorcerer !

BELUS.

Ah, thou dost guess the name, that name accursed !
“Enoch, the self-styled Prophet of the Lord”—
I read it in thy face, O magian King !
Thou knowest my errand—I would know thy mind.
What say’st thou to the work of yester-night ?

AZON.

I say thy works were works of wickedness ;
Aye, works of shame, that merited rebuke.

BELUS.

Where is thy wisdom and thy justice here ?

O King ! art thou not one of us—aye, more,
The very founder of the magi sect ?

AZON.

Some years ago I made investigation
Into the deep and hidden principles
Of nature, and discovered certain laws
By which I might the elements control—
By which I might the spirit-land control.
This knowledge to a few I did impart,
Hoping that it might benefit the world ;
But here I left the magians' art behind,
And turned to read again in nature's book ;
Nor called I more on superhuman aid,
But all alone, lighted by reason's lamp,
I pushed me out into the misty sea
Of speculation and philosophy.
And 'mid the treacherous currents of that sea—
It's shoals, its sand-bars, and its dangerous reefs,
I steered my venturesome bark ; aye, from its deck
Beheld the trophies of the angry storm,
The plankless wrecks of the lost mariner,
Grinning in death, like the uncovered bones
Of murdered traveller in some savage land.
But from the perils of that chartless deep
I have returned to make a true report.
And know'st thou not the purpose of this search—
The purpose of this prodigal outlay
Of time, and toil, and youthful energies ?—
'Twas not to gain supremacy in arts

Like thine, O sinful Sorcerer ! No ! no !
'Twas not to find some hidden potent charm,
By which I might the spirit-land control.
Dost thou not know that Death is in the world ?
That while the stars are steadfast in the sky,
The earth and planets in their changeless paths,
The seasons fixed, to mark one glorious round,
Breathing of hope and immortality,
That man is more uncertain than a dream,
And dies almost the moment he is born—
The brightest star in all the galaxy,
That to the zenith of its glory climbs,
And then goes down into the depths of space,
To rise no more above life's horizon ?
Know'st thou the griefs of the poor aching heart,
Or of the cup of sorrow and of tears,
That all, of woman born, are doomed to drink ?
Man—once an heir to immortality,
Robbed of his birth-right in a thoughtless hour !
To reinstate that lost inheritance,
Has been of mine an all absorbing thought ;
Whether my mind was out among the stars,
Or dwelling with the darker things of earth,
'Twas ever searching for some antidote,
That might allay the sorrows of the breast ;
Some heavenly aliment, to stimulate
This feeble system to a lasting strength ;
Some life-inspiring ether, that would raise
Our hopes above the level of the tomb—
Some spark, that would rekindle in the soul,
The fires that death's damp breath has smothered out.

BELUS.

The charmer's art thou hast abandoned then ?

AZON.

Why question thus ?—have I not told thee it
Long, long ago ?

BELUS.

And will not use thy power
To keep in check a subject of thy realm ?
One that annoys even kings upon their thrones ?

AZON.

How can I do it ? I have not the power !
And would not use it if I had the power.

BELUS [*Aside.*]

A stubborn fool, I have him in *my* power ;
Long have I sought excuse to be his foe.
On this pretext, I'll pour my vengeance out
Upon the royal house of Havilah ;
To the leagued kings and conquerors that now
Menace the kingdom's safety, I will ope
The kingdom's doors, and bid them welcome in.

[*To Azon.*]

Remember what thou sayest, I shall report
Thy words unto the magi-brotherhood.

AZON.

Thou hast my words, make thy report in full.

[*Exit Belus.*]

Oh ! what a great perversion have we here—
 The enchanter's art, how has it fallen thus !
 Leaving the stars, its birth-place, it has sought
 A dwelling 'mong the baser things of earth,
 As its first light was shed upon the world,
 Did it not promise immortality ?
 Was it not given as an aid to life ?
 And has it now become allied with death ?
 Did'st thou not say, O Magii ! that it might
 Perchance unlock the gates of heaven to man ?
 But, ah ! the golden key is made to fit
 The locks of damned hell.—Hell's doors are oped,
 And multitudes are going in thereat.

[*Scene closes.*

ACT I.—SCENE 4.

A mountain near the capital of Havilah.—Azon standing upon the mountain.

AZON.

All else is music in the house of God.
 Dulcet, melodious music, sweeter far
 Than angels' lyres or harps of seraphim.
 But here's a dread antagonistic force,*
 Unmaking and destroying all that's made ;
 A grating discord in the universe ;
 A crumbling up of its machinery.
 Ye orbs of light ! and ye bright tuneful spheres !

* Speaking of death or annihilation in the grave.

Chaunt your melodious hymns of joy and praise ;
A fearful hell of sound shall drown your notes ;
For upon Death's insatiate maw ye shall
Like snow dissolve and vanish into naught.
Thou Mother,* strange and most unnatural !—
Kill thine own offspring ? Take the assassin's knife,
And spill the blood of innocence, until
The greedy grave is cloyed and surfeited ?
Converting this fair temple, thou hast made,
Into one vast, prodigious slaughter-house !
Snatching upon the highest, latest type,†
Of all thy cunning handicraft, and in
The murderous, cruel grave, crushing it out !
Paying all debts up to the very last,
Then turning cheat, vile swindler, and defaulter ;
Mantle thy shameless cheek with crimson blush !
For thou art robbing more than gold or blood ;
Oh ! I would gladly keep my poor heart still,
Would seal forever my complaining lips,
If these desires did not, like the live coal,
Eat their way out. Oh ! it was tyranny !—
An act of wicked, wanton tyranny—
To plant such noisy passions, such desires,
Insatiate within us, simply to mock
Their natural and reasonable demands.
But shall such cruelty forever last,
And none of all the world its claims resist ?
Ye craven ones ! go down into your graves,
Forgetful that ye were of heavenly birth,

But in the face of day, it shall be shown,
 That there was one, of all the luckless race,
 That did not thus forget his father's wealth !
 Make haste, O greedy Death ! thine hour is short ;
 There is a plant, that grows in Paradise,
 Guarded by fiery cherubim : its fruit
 Shall reconstruct these clayey tenements,
 And make their walls impregnable to thee !

Enter a messenger.

MESSENGER.

O king ! prepare thy mind to hear sad news.

AZON.

In this unhappy and disjointed world,
 What other news can we expect but sad ?
 Even life, in its most joyous flow, should be
 Sad and deject, since it must end so soon
 In murderous, cruel death.

MESSENGER.

It is of that
 Same Death, that I have come to bear thee news :
 Thy daughter Lulah sleeps the sleep of death !—

AZON.

My daughter Lulah sleeps the sleep of death !—
 It cannot be ! how could my Lulah die ?
 Death durst not strike, methinks, so fair a mark !
 My Lulah and my Adah both must live,

And thou and all the race, perchance, will live :
Then sickness, pain, and death will be no more.—
But dost thou weep ! why is thy cheek thus pale ?

MESSENGER.

O King, thy lovely daughter is no more !

AZON.

Can it be true ?—I read it in his face !—
What made my Lulah die—oh ! tell me what ?

MESSENGER.

Lulah, O King ! was drowned beneath the waves
Of the calm Pi-son, brightest of earth's streams !
That rises 'mid the hills of Paradise,
And driving eastward, through the favored land
Of Havilah, pours out its golden stores.
Lulah, attended by her maids, went down,
As was her custom in the morning hour,
To bathe herself in that fair flowing river :
At this same moment, midway on the tide,
A flower from Eden's garden floated by :
The blossom had been plucked by angel-hands,
And carelessly into the river thrown ;
And as the current ushered it from out
Its native paradise, into this world,—
This dim, cold, world of sorrow and of tears ;
Like to the fire-fly lamp, or opal's beam,
The heavenly blossom shone upon the stream ;
Lulah beheld it ; and her face became
Bright as an angel's; lighted to a flame !

O God ! she cried, it is a flower of thine !
 What else should with such heavenly lustre shine ?
 A gift from thee !—Away thy Lulah springs,
 Light as the zephyr or a bird on wings !
 Not in the flood, but on its glassy floor,
 Her footsteps tread ! what spirit could do more ?
 But ere the luring prize, her hand has won,
 A laughing, tuneful wave comes dancing on !
 Snatches the blossom from the current's beat,
 And smiling, throws it at the maiden's feet !
 But, as she grasps it, thy most lovely daughter,
 King Azon, sinks beneath the holy water !
 The flood, enamored of her heavenly charms,
 Takes her forever to his princely arms !
 Thus, 'neath the waters of that golden river,
 Thy daughter sleeps !

AZON.

Forever, oh ! forever !

Enter a second messenger.

SECOND MESSENGER.

No ! not forever 'neath the water sleeps :
 Enoch came down unto the river's side,
 And bade the princely stream give up its dead :
 And lo ! thy Lulah, from the bottom rose,
 And floated on the surface of the stream !
 And the same wave, it seemed, that brought the flow'ri,
 With mournful, sighing music, came again,
 And in his arms of foam, with sorrowing look,

Brought thy pale Lulah to the pebbly beach ;
Where stood her mother, Adah, steeped in tears,
Waiting to clasp her cold and lifeless child.

AZON.

Another star lost from the firmament !—
Another picture of sweet heaven destroyed !—
But here comes Adah—I must quench my grief,
And bid my heaving, trembling heart “ be still,”
And show no license for the flow of tears.
Of this same Death, grief is an emissary,
The bosom that unlocks and lets him in,
Will soon become the grinning Archer’s mark ;
For this precursor Grief wrinkles the brow,
Washes the strength and lustre from the eyes,
Drinks up the blood, and dries the springs of life,
Turns the dark ringlet to a hoary lock.
My Adah, she must live,—live in her youth.
I am resolved, from this eventful hour,
To forge a link, for Being’s broken chain,—
To reunite the angel and the worm.

Enter ADAH.

Thou comest, Adah ! in thy face I read
Chapters of sorrow. It were meet to mourn,
If tears would aught avail, an ocean’s drops
Were but a scanty measure for our child.

ADAH.

O Azon ! Azon ! my beloved lord,
To each of us, this is a trying hour ;

Beneath the shock, I never could have lived,
 But for the balm and consolation sweet,
 Poured in upon my struggling, dying heart,
 By Enoch, Prophet of the living God.
 Lulah, he says, did not belong to earth—
 To us, did not belong ; she was the Lord's ;
 Who gave her to us for a little while,
 To glad our hearts and point the way to Him.
 And being thus the Lord's, he had a right
 To call his treasure back unto Himself.
 The Lord gave, the Lord hath ta'en away ;
 Hence, let His holy name be ever blessed.

AZON. [*Aside.*]

Perhaps 'twere better thus our hearts and minds
 To reconcile ; so that it check our sobs,
 And dry our tears (e'en though the creed be false).
 Than let the freezing facts of wintry Death,
 Congeal us in the spring-time of our lives.—

[*To ADAH.*]

Let us away, and pay the last sad rites
 To her, who was the idol of our hearts ;
 Consign her to the dust, of which she was
 A kindred element. Dust claims its dust.
 O miserly and parsimonious Earth !
 Couldst thou not spare so small a particle
 Of thy vast wealth, as fills this little measure ?
 We give it back to thee, O greedy one !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE 5.

A funeral train.—ENOCH, JUBAL and mourners by the side of LULAH's bier.

Enter AZON and ADAH.

AZON.

Lift up the shroud—lift up the dark'ning veil,
That hides the daylight from my Lulah's eyes.

ENOCH.

The veil that hides what was her prison-house,
I will remove. Behold the beauteous dead !
An angel's finger, pointing to the skies !

AZON.

O monster Death ! O savage, cruel Death !
I would have barred this treasure from thy grasp !
Didst thou not know my thoughts and purposes ?—
Perhaps thou knowest them now !—well, hurl thy dart !
There is a grief within this bosom now,
That shakes the iron purpose of my soul !
Should I obey my heart, and follow on,
To where it leads me, I would nestle down
Into the grave, beside my darling child !
Methinks, with potent arm, I could drive back

The ghastly spectres that may haunt her sleep :
 Or when her timorous footsteps, ou the waves
 Of death's dark river faltered, I would say :
 "Lulah, my child, fear not ! thy father's here !"

ENOCH.

Azon, she has a stronger arm than thine
 To shield her now. Her many attributes
 Of hope, and love, and melting charity,
 Of faith in God, reliance on his word,
 Are now so many mighty warriors, armed,
 To guard thy daughter through the night of death.

AZON.

I would that it were so ! It should be so ;
 Virtue should find reward, a recompense ;
 But then should death be an eternal sleep—
 Breathless and pulseless, without e'en a thought
 To cheer its dark and lonely solitude !—
 Ah ! from the thought, my poor heart staggers back !
 If it be thus, my child, thou'rt in the dark—
 The dark and voiceless house of mornless Death !

ENOCH.

Thy daughter lives, O King ! she lives with God !

AZON.

Oh ! could I thaw the winter from those lids,
 And kindle up the fires of those quenched orbs,
 That were two heavenly fountains, sending out
 Their floods of inextinguishable being—

I then would take one long, last look of heaven ;
For if there were a light, that spake of heaven,
It beamed from out the windows of thy soul !

ENOCH.

Azon ! I tell thee, that thy daughter lives !
And that a purer spirit ne'er returned
To the great Fountain-Head from whence it sprang.
Weep not for Lulah, for she is with God !
But weep for Azon ! he whose mind is merged
In Nature's night ; weep for the erring soul
Lost in the labyrinth of unbelief ;
Weep for the victim of the evil powers ;
Weep for the master magician, who can boast
Of having read the secrets of the skies !
Weep, do I say ?—Yes—weep ! and weeping, pray.
And God will turn a listening ear to thee !

AZON.

Weep and pray ! for what should Azon pray ?
That death may come again with barbed dart,
And lay the mother by the daughter's side ?

ENOCH.

Pray, that the will of God be done ; and that
Thy will be brought in harmony with God's :
And pray for faith, for a believing heart.

AZON.

If Azon pray, it will not be for faith ;
His prayer will be for light—give him more light !

ENOCH.

There's not a star, in heaven's galaxy,
That shines so brightly as the star of Faith.

AZON.

Then 'tis a star mine eyes have never seen !—
For thee, O Enoch ! I have reverence much ;
The noble and the good all love thee much.
My Lulah loved thee for thy walk with God.
Oft have I heard her, in her earnest prayer,
Calling on God to make her heart like thine.
But she has gone, and all that now remains,
Is the cold lump of dust, before us here !

ADAH.

Azon, distrust not God ! I have a proof,
That all is right—the proof is in my heart.
Last night, I lay upon my restless couch,
And Death's dark imagery passed through my mind,
I saw our darling, in the cold, cold grave !
I saw the worms, that soon must cover her,
And all the festering loathsomeness of death ;
With sickening horror from the pall I turned—
Rose from my couch, and sought the open air
Of heaven to cool my aching, fevered brow.
Half blind with grief, and near to frenzy driven,
I lifted up my eyes, to cast reproach
At the Great Legislator of the skies,
For the enactment of such cruel laws—
When, lo ! a dazzling host of starry orbs !

Like to ten thousand angel-eyes, with look
Indignant, hurled the groundless slander back ;
And in their burning, heavenly eloquence,
Each, from its everlasting throne, proclaimed
Man's immortality beyond the tomb !
And *there*, in presence of that myriad host,
I bowed my guilty head, and wept aloud,
For joy and shame—joy that the charge was false ;
For shame, that I had let my heart conceive it.
And ere I raised mine eyes again to heaven,
A still, small voice came from among the stars—
A voice, that with its music filled the world ;
And to my troubled breast it whispered : “ Peace !
Be still, ye elements of unbelief !”

Enter a messenger.

AZON.

A messenger !—why comes he with such haste ?
I read unwelcome tidings in his eye !

MESSENGER.

Make way for me !—a message to the king
I bear !—King Azon ! I would gladly throw
Mine errand in some other's mouth to speak !
Thy brother, Ivon, numbers with the dead :—
Was slain in fighting for thy kingdom's rights !

AZON.

My brother Ivon dead !

MESSENGER.

Aye, he is dead !
In the defence of Havilah he fell !

AZON.

Enough ! bring to a close these ceremonies !
I make no further truce with stealthy Death !
He comes in ev'ry form, and at all hours,
Whether we wake or slumber : Sleep ne'er comes
To his fell eyes ; she would not dare to set
Her seal upon the monster's ghastly lids !
Put back the shroud ! cover for aye that face !
Here, at the base of this high mountain chain,
In the hard granite rock, I have built a tomb ;
Close to its mouth and overhead is seen
The stately pine, that like some wizard harp
Breathes out a mournful, melancholy music,
When by the fingers of the viewless winds
Its chords are touched. Here, from the smitten rock
Boils up a crystal fountain, whose glad waves,
Long prisoned from the sunbeams, leap to light,
And send their voices out upon the air.
Here grows the grass, and here the wild flowers bloom
In winter as in summer. Here the birds
Of brightest plumage, and of richest note,
Find a retreat. The roebuck and the hind,
The bounding antelope, and the swift gazelle,
Gamble beneath the pine-trees' cooling shade.
Here in this hallowed nook, this favored spot,
Within the circuit of her peaceful tomb,
My gentle child shall slumber. Place her there ;—

Enoch, I leave it all in charge of thee—
 Bear on the sleeper.—Adah, dry thy tears,
 I go to combat with our enemy !

JUBAL.

Unto her burial we will attend,
 And plant around her tomb the sweetest flowers.

ENOCH.

And let the bright flower, Hope, grow in our hearts.

ADAH.

Our daughter we will place within her tomb :
 But then, dear Azon, when wilt thou return ?
 Thy fate will be as Ivon's fate, I fear !

AZON.

There are a thousand fancies in my brain,
 And twice a thousand feelings in my heart ;
 Were I to paint those fancies to thy mind,
 Or make embodiment of all the throes
 Of sorrow, that disturb my bosom now,
 The enemy would triumph in our land,
 And death make common havoc of us all.
 Hence, all that time permits me now to say,
 Is : Farewell, Adah, keeper of my heart ;
 Farewell my flower, a fairer never bloomed
 In bowers of Paradise.—Yes; fare thee well,
 I go to combat with our enemy.

[*Exeunt ENOCH, JUBAL, ADAH, and mourners, bearing the corse of LULAH.*

AZON.

I go to combat with our enemy !—

His name is Death ! I meet him at the Tree !

[*Exit Azon.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Near the Garden of Eden.

Enter MAGII and AZON.

MAGII.

It is a mighty work we have to do ;
A deed more daring ne'er was chronicled ;
Throughout the vast economies of time,
There will be note and mention made of it.
But if thou sayest : “ Lead me to the tree ”—
It shall be done. Aye, more ! I'll cover thee
With mine own panoply ! and all unarmed
Myself, rush out into the fiery storm,
With bosom bared to God's consuming wrath !—
Yes, go before thee, and with this strong arm,
Will build a highway to the Tree of Life,
That may be trodden by thy clayey feet ;
Only, I cannot warrant thee to live,
Or taste the guarded and forbidden fruit.

AZON.

Thy words have added fuel to the fires
That burn continually within my breast ;
Robbed of my lawful, just inheritance,
I go, the priceless treasure to regain ;

To throw my being in the yawning gap ;
A spirit, with its countless properties !

MAGII.

But, if the storm of wrath that spirit quench ?

AZON.

Before its light goes out, these lips shall breathe
A curse, whose volume shall outmeasure space,
Whose years shall number with eternity !

MAGII.

It is enough ! Our names are side by side,
With pen of fire engraven on the leaf—
The iron leaf of fate !—Hence to the work.—
First, with a charm the keepers of the gate
I'll lull to sleep ; and while the opiate lasts,
Be thou near by and open with thy hand
The pearly door ; whose bolts I will unloose ;
This part achieved, I'll hasten to the Tree
Of Life, and there a damned charm will cast
Upon the air and elements, that like,
A gentle summer-vision shall steal o'er
The unwary, unsuspecting sentries :
And having fastened on their yielding thoughts,
Shall hold in chains as rigid as the ice ;
And drown in one oblivious, Lethean sleep,
All thought, all motion, and all watchfulness.
Meanwhile, as this my utmost powers employ,
And thou hast passed the gates, pursue the path—
The path direct, that leads unto the tree,
Where with impatience I shall wait thy coming.

AZON.

But tell me first, how I the path shall find,
And by what mark the Tree of Life may know.

MAGI.

The Tree of Life stands in the midst of Eden,
Directly westward from the eastern gate :
It is the fairest and most lovely tree
That grows in Paradise. It bears a leaf
Brighter than silver, and a juicy fruit,
Shaped like the apple, colored like the peach.
And more than this, it bears a fadeless flower,
So beautiful, that angels from on high
Come down to pluck it. Ah ! its hues would shame
The rainbow into blushes. Like its flowers,
Its lucid leaves ne'er fall at winter's touch ;
Nor drops its fruit, in autumn, to the ground.—
Hence let us to the eastern gate repair,
A deed unparalleled awaits us there !

AZON.

On, Magii ! on ! in rapport now with thine
My spirit burns ! With thee, I dim or shine,
I go to bridge death's dark and roaring river,—
My cause is just, death now—or life forever !

[*Excunt.*]

ACT II.—SCENE 2.

*Garden of Eden.**Enter Azon.*

AZON.

I tread on holy ground ! the air I breathe
Is balm ; making the pulses leap with life's
Pure currents ! Oh ! it was a loss indeed—
A ruinous, woeful loss, to loose thee, Eden !
Thy glory blinds my eyes, and my charmed ears
Are captive 'mid a babel of sweet sounds !
A silvery stream is here which I must cross.
Oh ! how it breathes of music : these sweet notes
Were taught by seraphim !—the joyous waves
Are waltzing with the sunbeams. Here within
The river's shining track, 'mong pebbles white,
And mixed with golden sands, are richest gems :—
The beryl, and light-giving diamond,
The burning sapphire, red and violet ;
The ruby, colored like fair Adah's lips ;
The fiery opal, and the emerald green.
And here are finny tribes, that only live
And swim in heavenly elements ;
Their scaly armor every hue reflects.
Here grow the pine, the cedar, and the oak,

The green bay, and the lofty slender palm—
Fit plants for heavenly soil ; and underneath
Their shade, the little violet makes bare
Its velvet cheek ! The blushing sweet-lipped rose,
And virgin lily, sport with Zephyrus,
Who softly breathes his love-sighs in their ears.

SCENE 3.—*Another part of the Garden of Eden.*

Enter Azon.

AZON.

But oh ! the beauties of delicious Eden ;
What hand can write—what tongue can e'er make
known,
This blest abode of Truth and God !—Here dwells
In sweet repose immortal purity !
From where I tread, what raptures meet my gaze !
The ground is carpeted with nameless flowers !
And nameless birds, of golden plumage, fill
The air with song ! Along the azure sky,
Painted as on a canvas, I behold
Flying towards Heaven, the white winged seraphim !
Elliptical in form, and clear as air ;
And all within the compass of my eye,
Unfolds a mirrored lake ! a sunny sea !
And here, from out its side, with joyous tread,
A little rivulet breaks forth, and glides
Away, with mazy step, sweet murmuring !
So from its mother's arms, a prattling babe,
In sportive mood and noisy innocence,

Springs laughing to be free.—Sweet Rivulet !
 Leave not thine angel mother !—she was dropped
 A spirit from the skies !—Her first-born thou !
 For in her lap a cherub islet sleeps !
 Nestled mid roses and star-beaming gems !

[*Exit AZON*



ACT II.—SCENE 4.

The Garden of Eden.—The Tree of Life in the foreground.

Enter MAGIL.

MAGIL.

Yes, it is done ! the charm has ta'en effect—
 In slumber deep the cherubim repose !
 I might have battled them with my good sword,
 Had not Omnipotence around them thrown
 His own impenetrable covering.
 But where is Azon ? he should be here now ?
 There is a mountain's weight upon my breast,
 A mighty chasm here that I must leap.
 I do not know the effect the fruit will have
 Upon this child of earth. T'were better far
 That he should meet the doom of all his race,
 Than to live on, forever housed in flesh,
 And find aught else than happiness ;—but, perchance,
 He may become the founder of a race
 That will the earth inherit, and usurp
 Its sole dominion. But he comes !—aye, comes

Impatient for the trial ! on his brow
Great deeds and high resolves are manifest.

Enter AZON.

Thou comest, Azon, faithful to thy word !

AZON.

I hold my hands before my eyes !—my eyes
Upon the ground ; I dare not look again
Upon God's holy and forbidden tree !
I've wandered through a labyrinth of sweets,
The eye, and ear, and senses all, are cloyed—
Aye, drunk with pleasures ; yet there is distilled
A more than mortal strength within my frame.

MAGII.

The cherubim ! beware ! touch not the cherubim !

AZON.

Thine own anointed cherubim, O God !
The face of each, though hidden from my sight,
Throws out a dazzling ray, from underneath
The close-drawn veil, lighting the grass and flowers !
That hand—O Magii ! might I kiss that hand ?
Methinks, I had no need to eat the fruit !
For it were immortality to press
That hand unto my lips !

MAGII.

The attempt were death

Instead of life.—There is an atmosphere
Enveloping the sons of God, that thou

Canst not inhale and live.—Dismiss all thought,
Save that which points thee to the guarded fruit.

AZON.

Subservient to thy bidding now I stand,
So that thy bidding lead but to the fruit.
The thirst for life is kindled to a flame !—
Lead on—my cause is just.—Azon dare meet
Aught that dare stand between him and the tree !

MAGII.

The work is here before us, but once pass
You flaming circle, and within thy grasp
The healing antidote for all thy pains,
Suspended hangs. Aye, it will wash away
All sorrow from thy heart, and make its blood
In one pure gushing current onward flow,
In concert with the pulsings of the spheres.

AZON.

But ah ! the tree ; Magii, the tree looks down
Reprovingly, and with an angel's voice,
Says : “ Touch me not !—touch not a leaf of me !”

MAGII.

Banish thy fears ; my shield is over thee.—
Oh, fairest of all trees !—choicest of fruit !
I come, a bold invader from the skies,
To seize upon thy guarded treasure here ;
With robber-hand to break thy heaven-forged locks,
And pour thy substance into mortal veins.
And thou dread instrument ! thou Flaming Sword !

That flashest like the sunbeam from the glacier ;
 That spell nor charm can fetter or arrest ;
 To thy sharp tooth my bosom now is bared ;
 As o'er the vulnerable, I spread my shield !
 To intercept thy passage ; I thus throw
 'Neath thy keen edge my immortality !

[*Rushes up, to the tree of life, followed by Azon.*

Haste, mortal, haste, Jehovah's thunder aims
 To crush us both !—Snatch, snatch the ambrosial food ;
 But touch it to thy lips, and thou art safe !

AZON.

There is no light, save from the lightning's eye !
 The sun has veiled himself, the sky is black !
 Mine eyes are blinded at the lightning's glare.
 The sting of an eternal agony
 Transfixes me ; and yet I will not yield ;
 Blind, yet I grope my way !—Is this the fruit ?—
 Within my hand a thunderbolt has burst !
 I cannot pass the fiery flaming sword,—
 It has cleft thy shield !—O champion spirit,
 Where art thou ?

MAGII.

Close by thy side.—On,—on,
 Or all is lost ! Grasp, quickly grasp the fruit !
 Eternal years hang on a moment's space ;
 Pangs, tortures, hell, infinities of woe,
 Are pouring all their vials on my head.
 The flaming orbit of the fiery blade
 Is broken now !—oh ! snatch, oh ! snatch the fruit.

AZON.

I have within my hand, that which should be
 The fruit.—I plucked it from a branch.—It feels
 Strange to my touch !—I press it to my lips.—
 Now, even now, I drink the juices down !
 It opens up a fountain in my heart,
 That the long drought of death will never dry !

MAGII.

And thou hast eaten it ? Back, then ! away !
 Take wings and hasten to the gate, through which
 Thine exit make.—The charm no longer lasts—
 The chernbs seize their shining swords again !

AZON.

Why say ye thus ? the work is scarce begun !
 For food like this the world is famishing ;—
 'Tis hoarded wealth, I'll seize upon it now,
 And scatter it among the needy poor !
 I'll pluck yon apple, fairer than the rest,
 For my dear Adah ; she shall drink the wine,
 And link her hands eternally with mine !

MAGII.

Attempt it not ! Without the potent spell
 To bind yon cherubim, no power in heaven,
 Or earth, or hell, could pluck one shining leaf
 From that fair tree.

AZON.

Then raise thy wand once more,

And in the magic fetter hold in check
Those wrathful sentries.

MAGII.

All spells are useless now
The enchantment cannot work on heavenly powers
When they resist it.—Though my home be Heaven,
I cannot brook the all-consuming wrath
That gathers on yon cherub's awful brow !
We must away.—I sorely do repent
The heaven-defying deed !

AZON.

And I repent,
If Adah too must die, and I must live,
To walk forever round her speechless grave !
But it shall never be ! No, never, never !
Another draught of thy delicious juice—
Another scruple of thy precious balm.
O heavenly plant ! I come ! Give it thou me !

CHERUB.

Rash, inconsiderate clay !

SECOND CHERUB.

Hold ! daring thief,
Thou canst not pass this falchion's point, e'en though
An ocean-stream of life now flood they veins !
But see ! behold ! who comes with threatening brow,
Direct from Heaven ? O Uriel, it is thee !
Thou art too late—the daring deed is done !

Enter Uriel.

URIEL.

I know it all !—O poor unhappy Dust !
Forever joined in wedlock to the worm ;
What madness drove thee to this sinful act ?

AZON.

Ah ! sinful act ! Methinks the act were good,
Could I but end it as I did design.
Another apple from that healing tree
For my beloved Adah, evermore
Would bar her from corruption and the worm !

URIEL.

Would join her to corruption and the worm
As thou art joined : I come, but not to breathe
A curse upon thee, Azon ; thou hast cursed
Thyself. Thine Adah, she shall die as dies
Her race ; but an immortal, vigorous youth
Shall bloom forever on thy changeless brow.—
The mystery of being thou wilt learn :
'Tis not for me thy future to make known
At God's command, I come to drive thee forth
From Eden's grounds, and to pronounce on thee,
O Magii ! sentence well deserved. Thy seat
In Heaven is lost. No more for thee
Shall the bright gates at thy approach, unfold !
Henceforth forever thou art doomed to make
The Gulf of Hades thy abiding-place ;
There thou canst practise thy forbidden arts,

And fell enchantments on the outlawed crew
Of wizard, conjuror, and goblin damned ;
And when they cast the direst of their charms,
One charm thou hast to neutralize them all.
A few short years of time is given thee ;
Finish thy work on earth ; go to the gates
Of Paradise, and bid the angels all
A long adieu : go out among the stars,
And wave a 'farewell' to the shining host.
And now, as agent for Almighty God,
I drive thee forth from these forbidden fields,
Thee and the self-destroyer at thy side.

[Azon attempts to speak.

No more, be mute ! Thy doom is written down.
From Eden's walks thou ever art expelled.

MAGII.

[Aside to Azon.

Here is a leaf, I plucked from off the tree ;
Give it thine Adah—it will keep the rose
Upon her cheek, the lustre in her eye,
Until the day appointed for her death.

AZON

Her death ! Oh, Magii, what a thought is that !

[Exit Azon and MAGII.—Scene closes.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

LULAH'S *tomb*—ENOCH, JUBAL, ADAH, and mourners *by the tomb*.

ENOCH.

Ah ! why so sad ? Why thus with sobs and tears,
Mourn ye the soul's departure from its dust ?
Let us rejoice,—the prisoned bird has flown !
Sing to the Lord a song of joy and praise :—
Thy harp, O Jubal ! wake; for in its notes
I hear a voice, that sounds like Lulah's voice.

JUBAL.

My harp is all unstrung, my heart is sad ;
There is no melody within my soul,
But such as cometh to a mournful measure.—
My rival on this instrument lies here ;
I taught her hand to strike the sounding strings.—
Upon a time, I do remember well,
Within her father's hall, she tuned the lyre,
And poured such melody upon the air,
From its symphonious chords, that all of us
Became forgetful of both time and place ;—
Each listener, gazing in her upturned face,
Deemed her a being from a higher sphere ;
And ere the last vibration on the air

Had ceased to beat, the smiling Lulah rose,
And gliding from our presence unobserved,
Left us in doubt, whether or no, we had
Been listening to a spirit from the skies.

SONG.

Oh ! thy form was the angel's, so fair to behold,
Half concealed 'mid thy soft, clustering ringlets of gold ;
Thy cheek had the rose-tint, thy bosom the snow,
As thought, with the lily, sat throned on thy brow.

Ah ! thy lips were two rubies, with honey-dews pressed,
Where love, truth and purity, all were confessed :
And the voice of those lips was the nightingale's lay,
Or the song of the streamlet, that warbles in May.

Oh, how joyous and lovely the light of the star !—
Like a cherub's sweet smile from its azure afar ;
But the bright rolling orbs, where thy spirit looked through,
Eclipsed all the stars in their ocean of blue.

Oh ! the joy in thy laughter, the hope in thy smile ;
How spotless thy spirit, how free from all guile ;—
And thy love !—like the breath of a mid-summer's day ;
But chaste as the snow-cloud in ether away.

Like a vision of beauty that creeps to the soul,
Or a sunbeam that shines on the snows of the pole ;
So thou didst come down from thy home in the sky,
Bringing love on thy lip, and sweet hope in thine eye.

Ah ! why hast thou faded, so soon from our sight ?
 Why quenched is our sun ? why extinguished our light ?—
 On the star-beam, the zephyr, or music's soft strain,
 Thou wilt come and revisit thy loved ones again.

ENOCH.

O sorrowing Adah ! child of doubts and fears !
 How canst thou hear those death defying notes,
 And yet fear death, or tremble at his power ?
 Didst thou not hear in that exultant base,
 Thy Lulah's voice, triumphing o'er the grave.

ADAH.

I heard a voice that spake of liberty,
 Of sorrows past,—of endless joys to come !

ENOCH.

Ah ! to my ears, it sounded like the voice
 Of Lulah, calling from her peaceful bowers :
 “ Azon ! my Father, Azon ! Lulah lives ;”

ADAH.

The light grows brighter : I behold a ray,
 That from beyond the gloomy gulf of death,
 Has forced a passage.—Welcome, heavenly beam !
 And oh ! reveal thyself to Azon's eyes !

ENOCH.

The noble aspirations of the soul,
 The longings of the heart, the quenchless thirst

For life immortal, are inherent proofs,
Planted in Azon's nature, that there must
A morning be beyond the night of Death.
Then these are Nature's proofs ; Nature abounds
In evidence, that proves the grave a cheat,
And Death a boastful liar.—But, behold !
The King of Havilah, thy lord and spouse ;
Returned, much sooner than we did expect.
There beams a light upon his godlike brow,
Too beautiful for earth.—What does it mean ?

Enter Azon.

Welcome ! King Azon, to thy home once more ;
Thy people bid thee, ' welcome,' with their hearts.

ADAH.

Oh ! hast thou come, my Azon ? hast thou come
Back from the wars ? In absence of its mate,
One heart has pined in lonely widowhood.—
But what strange light is this upon thy face ?
What awful beauty beaming from thy brow ?—
I cannot brook the glances of thine eyes.
Hast thou been basking in life's golden fountain ?
Oh ! I am fearful this is all a dream ;
Am fearful thou has perished by the sword ;
And that thy spirit, clad in sunbeams thus,
Before me stands.—O Azon ! speak to me !

AZON.

Ask me not aught ; for I am sore perplexed,
And am not yet prepared to answer thee !

Come to my arms, my Adah ! Let me press
 Thee to my heart, and taste thy dewy lips. [*Kisses her.*
 They bear, methinks, a riper, richer fruit,
 Than does the tree that I have eaten from.—
 Here is a leaf, plucked from a heavenly branch, [*Aside.*
 'Twas given me by one, not of the earth,
 Take it, my Adah, smell its fragrant breath.

ADAH.

O Azon ! Azon ! what a thing is this ?

AZON.

A leaf, my Adah !

ADAH.

Oh, it tells of Heaven !
 Of starry, odorous Heaven !

AZON [*Tearing off a part of the leaf.*

Here taste of it ;
 And though thou liv'st a thousand years on earth,
 Age shall not overtake thee.—It will bind
 The rosy tint of morning on thy facee.

ADAH

[*Eating the leaf.*

I taste it, and it melts upon my tongue ;
 A strange sensation, like the electric spark,
 Thrills through my frame!—My heart beats quicker now !

Enter a messenger.

MESSENGER.

I come, O Azon ! to make known to thee,

Thy kingdom's overthrow.—The magi all,
Led on by Belus, the fell wizard-chief,
Have listed 'neath the banners of thy foes.
Having no leaders for to call them out,
Thy people now are trampled in the dust.
The vengeful sword, with war's red current died,
Has slain thy satraps, and thy servants all :
And I alone am spared to tell the tale !

AZON.

Where shall I find a lodging-place for thee,
Defenceless queen ? The storm has come at last !—
And where will Enoch now withdraw himself ?
And ye who mourn the dead, where will ye go ?

MESSENGER.

Flee to the mountains ! seek a shelter out
For thee and thine ; for close upon my track,
Like blood-hounds, come the leagued barbarians !

AZON.

What sword is that, thou hast upon thy thigh ?

MESSENGER.

Ah ! look at it ; it was thy father's sword ;
Forged by the cunning, artful Tubal Cain ;
A weapon much renowned in days gone by
In haste I snatched it from thine armory,
And from it wiped the dust of fourscore years.
Its weight, none but a giant's arm could wield :

AZON.

Give me the sword ! the father's spirit calls
 His son to war. Come, Adah ! hide thee here
 Within the crevice of this splintered rock,
 And all ye sorrowing maidens go with her.
 Enoch and Jubal, also go with her.—
 Make haste !—they come like hungry beasts of prey,
 By the revengeful, wicked Belus led !

ENOCH.

I do not fear the foe—why should I seek
 A covert thus ? Jehovah is my shield !

AZON.

Thou art unarmed ! how canst thou meet yon host ?
 For Adah's safety, I beseech of thee,
 Go with her in the cave ; stand by her side :
 While with this arm—and this my father's sword,
 I beat the roaring tide of battle back !

ADAH.

What ! leave thee, Azon ; in this hour of death !
 To be the mark of twice ten thousand spears !—
 Leave thee to die alone upon these sands !
 Is life so sweet, that Adah would survive
 The fount that feeds her life ?—No, let her die
 Ere stops that fountain !

AZON.

Adah, hear to me,

And Enoch hear ; then all of us shall live.
 The battle I have planned—will ye obey
 Your king and leader ?—Go into the cave ;
 Aye, go, and tarry not !

ENOCH.

We go, O King !

ADAH.

I go, and yet my heart shall tarry here.

[ENOCH, JUBAL, ADAH, and mourners go in the cave.

Enter BELUS and the Seven Kings ; followed by magians, and a great number of soldiers.

BELUS.

Hold ! Azon, hold !—I would not kill thee *now*.—
 Put up thy sword, in vain thou dost resist ;
 Thy doom is sealed, an ignominious death
 Awaits both thee and thine !—Put up thy sword !

AZON.

I have no thirst for blood, and yet a voice,
 Sounding like Ivon's voice, cries out for blood !
 “Azon, revenge my blood !” rings in my ears.
 And Justice cries, methinks, “Blood ! Blood !”

FIRST KING.

Oh, boastful King ! thy brother sleeps in death ;
 Behold the Seven Kings before thee stand,
 Who spilled his blood, and laid him low in death !

AZON.

Demon, enough ! thy tongue has dug thy grave !
 Take this first offering, Death, from Azon's hands.

[*Kills the first king*

SECOND KING.

His first !—If so, then surely 'tis his last.
 Go down and keep thy victim company—
 Aye, overtake him on his road to hell !

[*Hurls a javelin at Azon, that strikes him upon
 the breast and rebounds.*

AZON.

My second offering, pale, terrific King !*—

[*Cuts off the king's head.—The Third King hurls
 his javelin at Azon's throat, which also bounds back.*

And thou, the Third ?—Well, take thy brother's arm,
 And in that land of shadows comfort him.

[*Kills the Third King.—The other kings rush
 at Azon, throwing their javelins at him.*

The Fourth ! The Fifth !—Hearest thou, oh, mighty
 Death ?

No common offerings are these I bring—
 No menial's clay—no rustic's vulgar dust ;
 I feed thy fane upon the blood of kings—
 The hearts of mighty heroes famed in war !
 And wouldst thou have the Sixth ?—Well, where is he ?
 With my good sword I first must feel him out—
 I cannot see the victim, for a cloud
 Of hissing lances darkens all the air !—

* Death.

Vain is thy storm, O War ! Vain is thy wrath,
 I stand beneath the shadow of the tree.
 Down—down—like grass before the mower's scythe—
 [Advancing.

He comes, the Fiend of Slaughter.—That is, I !
 To bridge the gulf of death with human clay !—
 The hungry vulture fattens in my path,
 And the foul beast, whose hideous howl is raised
 O'er graves, comes to this bounteous carnival.

[Exit the surviving kings and magians, Azon following them.

Re-enter ASHUR, BELUS, and King of Egypt, with a number of
 soldiers and magians.

KING.

He is some damned fiend let loose from hell !
 Thrice did I smite him with this death-charmed lance !
 Twice on the breast, and once upon the throat,
 And thrice the barbed hell-shaft bounded back,
 As hail-stone from the rock. With this same spear
 I smote the saurian reptile on the bank
 Of Nilus, and his bony armor pierced.
 The monster writhed in mortal agony,
 And when his lifeless volume was unrolled,
 One hundred cubits was its measurement.

Re-enter AZON, surrounded by soldiers and magians,
 who are throwing their lances and shooting their
 arrows at him.

AZON.

O thou insatiate sword ! what streams of blood
 Thy thirsty lips have drank !—and yet art dry ?

Well, drink thy fill!—we're in a sea of blood!—
The crimson waves howl madly at my feet!

Enter ADAH followed by ENOCH.

ADAH.

Oh! Azon, Azon, art thou still alive?
Methought I heard a stifled, dying groan,
And a voice that cried out, "Adah!" "Adah!"—

AZON.

Oh! oh! my life—my vulnerable life,—
Adah, my love—my queen—my dutious wife!
Thy doom is sealed—I cannot save thee now!

BELUS.

The Queen!—ho; there—the Queen of Havilah;—
The fairest among women!—Hold her, ye!
And Enoch, the false Seer;—seize, scize them both!

MAGIAN.

I hold the queen!

BELUS.

And I the damned Seer!

ADAH.

Oh! do not spill my blood, I would not die.

ASHUR.

Unless thou art a devil, like thy lord,
Thy days are numbered!

[*Raises his lance to kill ADAH.*

AZON.

Hold, great Ashur ! hold !

Save my good queen !—Pledge me her life to save !
And spare this holy prophet of the Lord,
And lo ! this weapon at thy feet I cast.

ASHUR.

Deliver up thy sword, and they shall live.

AZON.

Here, take the sword, for it is drunk with blood.

[*Delivers his sword to Ashur.*

ASHUR.

Azon, thou art a prisoner of war
Thou and thy queen and Enoch must be bound,
And carried captive to Assyria.

AZON.

Do with thy servant as it seemeth best.
Bind him in cords, or load him down with chains ;
But she, my innocent and tender queen,
And he, the holy prophet of the Lord,
Must not be bound. Azon will ne'er submit
To see his queen or prophet thus dishonored.

ASHUR.

Come forward, then, the chain shall cumber thee.

AZON.

I am prepared, bind on the rusty links.

ADAH.

Be merciful, O King ! and spare my lord—
 Nay, do not load him with those cruel chains ;
 I am his queen—pray bind the chains on me.

ENOCH.

No, daughter, no ! thy father will be bound :
 The Lord has promised to deliver him
 Whene'er he calls upon his holy name—
 Thyselv and Azon both were better free.

ASHUR.

My choice is Azon.—Do ye understand ?
 Azon, who once was King of Havilah.

[*They bind Azon.*

BELUS.

The lion is secured ; now chain the cubs.

ASHUR.

Aye, bind them both ; it were an easy task.

AZON.

Oh ! damned liars, traitors all of you ;
 The wrath of God be on your guilty heads.

BELUS.

Silence, O fallen King !—thine hour has passed—
 Thyselv and queen, and he, the damned Seer,
 Shall in dishonor from your homes be torn,
 And dragged away into captivity.

[*They bind ENOCH and ADAH.*

ENOCH.

Weep not, my daughter, put thy trust in God ;
 He will deliver all who trust in him—
 Fear not, oh, Azon ; for thine Adah 's safe,
 No mortal hand has power to do her harm
 If she but trust in God.

BELUS.

Cease, babbler, cease !
 When thou hast reached Assyria's capital
 Death and dishonor 'wait thee. Then thy God
 An opportunity most fit, will find,
 To show his power.

Enter a magian with JUBAL prisoner.

BELUS.

Ah, Jubal, is it thee ?—
 Behold ! King Ashur, one of much renown ;
 A great musician—the father of all such
 As play upon the organ and the harp :
 His songs have tamed the savagest of beasts,
 And charmed the stones and trees into the dance.

ASHUR.

Well, bind him ; he shall go with us.—I have
 A love for music when it tells of war
 And breathes of blood and slaughter.—But enough !
 Lead up the camels, let the captives ride
 Upon their backs.

[*The camels being brought, and made to kneel down,*
AZON, ADAH, ENOCH and JUBAL get upon their backs.

Now for Assyria.

[*Exeunt all.*

ACT III.—SCENE 2.

A large amphitheatre in the capital of Assyria.—Upon one side a vast multitude assembled, upon the other a burning fiery furnace.

Enter KING ASHUR and the Queen of Assyria, with lords, chief captains, and attendants.

ASHUR.

The hour is up, bring ye the captives forth ;—
Unto a white heat, now, the fiery flames
Are kindled.

QUEEN.

Oh ! the light is so intense
It blinds my eyes ; the mid-day sun itself
Darts not a sharper or a brighter beam.
Though they be devils straight from burning hell,
Methinks their substance will evaporate
Or melt in such a flame.

Enter BELUS, and furnace tenders, leading AZON, ENOCH and ADAH in chains.

BELUS.

[To ENOCH.]

Look here, O Prophet ! look into the depths
Of this, thy prison-house, then tell to me
The measure of thy faith. Believest thou
The God thou servest can deliver thee
From such a hell ?

ENOCH.

He will deliver all
That put their trust in him.—I trust in God.

BELUS.

What sayest thou, fair queen ; hast thou such faith ?

ADAH.

I do not fear those fires, for there is One
Omnipotent to save ;—in him I trust .
But, oh ! my Azon, 'tis for thee I fear.

AZON.

Think not of me, my Adah ; I am safe !
If Enoch's God can from these hungry fires
Deliver thee, then all of us shall live.

ADAH.

Thou wilt deliver me, O God !—Thou wilt
Deliver all that put their trust in thee.

ENOCH.

And thou hast heard my earnest prayer, O Lord !
My gentle child leans on thy mighty arm.

BELUS.

[*To ENOCH.*]

Come here, vain babbler.—I will stop thy mouth—
[*To the furnace tenders.*]

Here, throw this lump of vile obtrusive dust
Into the flames.

[*ENOCH is thrown into the furnace.*]

Now seize upon the queen !—
Make haste ; lay hold of her !—mind not her tears ;—
Her beauty is a devil in disguise.

[*They throw ADAH into the furnace.*]

AZON.

Had I the service of my prisoned arms,
 Or could I break these heavy links apart,
 I would avenge thy wrongs, my gentle wife !—
 Should immortality be fettered thus ?—
 No—break, ye damned bars to liberty.

[*Breaks the chain.*

ASHUR.

The tiger he is loose ! save us; ye gods !

AZON. [*Laying hold of BELUS.*

Hast thou a mind to try those flames with me ?
 Stand up ! be not afraid ; 'tis only fire ;
 It will not burn ! Seest thou the prophet there ?

BELUS.

Let go of me, and I will be thy slave !—
 Save me, King Ashur, save me from his wrath !

ASHUR.

Call out the giants ! call the men of strength !—
 Bind him !—make haste, and throw him in the fire !

AZON.

What dost thou fear, O mighty Sorcerer ?
 There stands my Adah, like some child of Heaven,
 All radiant with beauty !—Not one tress
 Of those bright ringlets have the fires destroyed !
 And by her side, like day's retiring orb ;

Behold the prophet of the living God !
Eternal truth beams from his holy brow.

BELUS.

O Ashur, haste ! release me from his grasp.

ASHUR.

The giants come ; the mighty men of strength.

AZON.

Come, go with me ;—the prophet and the queen,
Our coming wait.

[Azon, throwing his arms around Belus, and lifting
him up, leaps into the furnace, amid the great con-
sternation, confusion and cries of the audience.

BELUS.

Save me, O Ashur !—save !—
The fire !—O Azon !—Enoch !—Enoch's God !—
I die—save ! save !

[Dies.

ADAH.

Have mercy, O my God !
Upon his unhoused spirit.

AZON.

Howl ! ye hungry elements ; no food is here
On which ye may be fed.—Your snaky folds
In vain are coiled ; your fiery tongues in vain
Lap for life's nourishments.—But I do forget !
My garments, that should be immortal too,
Were of the things that perisheth and die.

For in one moment by the hungry flames,
I am divested.—As a child new born,
Stand I thus bare and naked to the world.

ENOCH.

I throw my mantle over thee, O King !
To hide thy nakedness.

[*Throws his mantle over Azon.*

Around thy waist,
To gather up its folds, this girdle bind.

[*Binds a girdle around Azon's waist.*

AZON.

O mighty Prophet of the living God !
Thy trusting heart has garnered up a fruit
That my o'er-reaching, erring soul has missed !—
O Adah, child ; thine was the better choice !
I did mistake the tree ; the fruit I ate
Was good unto the taste, but did not quell
The appetite.—There is a longing still.

ASHUR.

Shut to the furnace doors and make them fast
With the strong iron bolts.—Though they be gods,
They shall not mock our sovereignty and power.

GIANT.

It is a ponderous door, yet I obey.

[*Attempts to shut the door of the furnace.*
Oh ! such a heat ; I cannot move the door !

AZON.

[*Standing at the mouth of the furnace.*
Away, thou slave, or I will smite thee down !

GIANT.

Back, damned fiend, into thy fiery grave !

[*The giant hurls a large iron bar at Azon, which strikes him upon his forehead and rebounds.*

AZON.

To thine in hell !

AZON *hurls back the bar at the giant, which striking him on the head, instantly kills him.*—*The giants rushing up throw their bars of iron at Azon, who hurls them back, killing the giants.*

And thou, and thou, and thou !

Go with him to your graves—your graves in hell !

Aye, more—all think of graves, the hour of death
Has come upon you ! See'st thou, O king ?

AZON *seizing an armful of burning brands, dripping with pitch and bitumen, springs from the furnace, and scatters them among the multitude who in great consternation, rush for the doorway of the amphitheatre ; which immediately gets choked up, cutting off all means of escape. The amphitheatre instantly takes fire, and amid the terrific screams and yells of the audience, ENOCH and ADAH sit as calm spectators.*

ASHUR.

Our hour indeed has come ! we are in hell,
Housed in with fiends that make a mock of us.

AZON.

Am I a fiend, Ashur ?—Speak'st thou the truth ?
I verily believe I am a fiend ;
Sent up from hell to do thy work, O Death !
Oh, what a profitable bargain, Death,
When in exchange for this small lump of dust—
Of wakeful dust, thrown in the lap of Life,
Thou gettest back an ocean's measurement.
Howl out your agony in deafening peals,
Ye poisonous mass of damned elements !
Crawling, like maggots, through the smoking fat
Of yoursear'd reptile clay !—The hideous moan
Dies to a murmur ; and the noisy flames,
O'er-fed at this most bounteous carnival,
In their loud riot stifle every groan !

[*The roof and portions of the amphitheatre falls.*
Crumble, ye massy walls !—aye, with a crash !
Ye were a mockery—a mimic hell,
Where the low death-sob, and the stifled groan
Of slaughtered innocence, that called for tears,
Were answered by the laugh of croaking fiends.

[*The whole amphitheatre falls.*

ENOCH.

The breath of God has blown the fabric down ;

The prison doors are opened—we are free.
But whither, Azon, shall we journey now ?

AZON.

Where'er thou goest, there will Azon go.

ENOCH.

The voice of God came to me as I sat
Within the circuit of these raging fires—
And thus it spake : “ Oh, son of man, arise !
Put on thy sandles, and gird up thy loins,
And get thee up into my holy mount,
Even Mount Sinai ; there an altar build,
And offer a burnt offering to the Lord.”
And then I asked the Lord how I should go—
If I should journey all the way on foot—
And the voice said : “ I have prepared a way.”

ADAH.

Lo, here are camels on which we may ride !
They are the same, methinks, that brought us here.

ENOCH.

The Lord has sent them to convey us back !
We will make haste and leave this wicked land—
Here, Adah, as the noble beast kneels down,
Get thou into the saddle.—Hold the rein.

[ADAH gets into the saddle.
And, Azon, this is thine.—Mount on his back.
Ride thou by Adah's side, for I will go

A little in advance of you.—Farewell,
O land of wickedness and sin !—farewell !
Enoch will never tread thy soil again.

[*Exeunt all.*

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

At the foot of Mount Sinai.—Time morning.

Enter AZON and ENOCH.

AZON.

Enoch, thou art indeed a man of God.
Thine arguments are great, aye, wonderful !
I see it all,—the problem now is solved.
By disobedience sin came in the world,
And death by sin.—But he whom God will send,
Shall reinstate the lost inheritance ;
Shall drink the bitter cup that sin has mixed ;
Shall, in his love for poor offending man,
Take on himself the burden of man's guilt ;
Shall hang upon the agonizing cross ;
Shall enter, then, the gloomy house of death,
And meet the chilly Monster face to face,
And with an arm, omnipotent to save,
Shall conquer Death, and triumph o'er the grave !

ENOCH.

And whosoever shall believe in Him,
Shall have immortal life beyond the tomb.
It is no more a mystery with thee.
Let God be praised, for he has ope'd thine eyes.
Now let us hasten, up into the mount,
And build an altar to the living God,
Where we may offer prayer and sacrifice.

AZON.

Go thou and do what seemeth best to thee ;
 I tarry but a moment here ; anon,
 I follow thee.

ENOCH.

Yes, thou art great, O Lord !
 Thy goodness and thy mercies, who can weigh ?

[*Exit* ENOCH.]

AZON.

All wrong from the beginning to the end ;
 I thought all nature was a discord sure ;
 Governed, perhaps, by some malignant fiend,
 Omnipotent in power, whose chief delight
 Was but to mock the creatures of his make ;
 But lo ! it is one vast harmonious whole !
 The only discord, my distrustful heart.
 There is a God that doeth all things well !—
 But where am I ?—How do I stand with God ?
 The fountain of salvation and of love,
 Runs free to all ; but is it free to me ?
 The road to heaven lies through the gate of death ;
 But I am bound forever to the earth !
 Divorced from death—perhaps divorced from God !
 I am alone in the wide universe !—
 I dare not tell to Adah what I am ;
 Her heart would break. That which I dreaded most
 Has come upon me !—Adah, she will die,
 And fly away to Lulah's blest abode,
 While I am left upon the cheerless earth,
 All, all alone, without companionship—

A useless link, from being's chain torn out !
Be still, O soul !—no power of thine can break
Thy prison down !—No other pow'r, save God's.

[*Exit Azon.*

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.

[*Mount Sinai.—An Altar.—Sacrifice burning.—ENOCH kneeling before the altar.—AZON and ADAH standing at a short distance therefrom.*

ENOCH.

To thee, O Lord ! the great, the Infinite,
We lift our hearts—our feeble voices raise !
Oh, shed abroad thy love within our *hearts*,
That like a gentle angel-presence stills
Our restless natures, our unquiet minds.
Oh, give us faith in thee—unwavering faith—
Faith that no earthly pressure can unfix—
Faith that will place our hands fast into thine—
Faith that will hide the dim world from our sight.
For more light, I durst not call on thee ;
I have already, beaming on my soul,
And my glad, joyous heart, a flood of light—
A river broad and deep, the melody
And music of whose waves hush to repose
All passions of my breast.—Methinks, even now
I see thee coming in the clouds of heaven ;
Ten thousand angels to thy chariot cling !—

Swift chernbim drawn on thy flaming car ;
 The steadfast earth is trembling as a reed ;
 The glory of thy face puts out the sun,
 Even as the morning sun puts out the stars.
 But whither drives thy chariot ?—can it be
 To visit earth !—No, it is passing by ;
 While, from the train of spirits, one has left,
 And like a star is falling to the earth !
 Yes, even here, on wings of love, it comes !—
 All hail ! thou heavenly messenger ; all hail !

Enter Angel of Faith.

FAITH.

Hail ! to thee, Enoch, Servant of the Lord ;
 Thou who from childhood's earliest hours hast kept
 Jehovah's law inscribed upon thy heart.
 I come to learn the measure of thy faith ;
 Now, tell me, Enoeh, canst thou walk on air ?

ENOCH.

I've walked upon the waters, when the sea
 Ran high and boisterous, and the fretful waves
 Howled madly 'neath my footsteps ; I have climbed
 The snow-crowned pinnacles of Mount Ararat,
 And when I wished to pass some fearful gorge,
 From peak to peak I trode upon the air ;
 Nor feared the yawning gulf spread out beneath ;
 The hand of God, I knew, was under me.

FAITH.

Did'st thou not see Jehovah's chariot pass
A moment ere my own arrival here ?

ENOCH.

I saw it moving, like a cloud of fire
Borne by the invisible winds. The earth,
Methought, was with his presence filled.

FAITH.

I fly to overtake that firey car.—
Wilt thou not go with me, and be with God ?

ENOCH.

If I had wings, I sure would go with thee—
I'd fly away, and ever be with God.

FAITH.

O, sinless child of earth !—servant of God,
Thy Master calls.—Wilt thou not go to Him ?

ENOCH.

I have no wings to fly, and yet I'll go,
Obedient to the summons of my God.
There is a cloud of mist around me now,
That hides thy heavenly presence from my sight.
A searching fire is running in my veins,
A purifying, purging element,
Burning the chaff, and wiping from the soul
Its drossy nature ! I am changed, methinks,
Into a subtler essence !—I can fly,
Even like a sunbeam, though I have no wings.

FAITH.

No wings ! What zephyr-riding plumes are these,
So bright and shadowless !—are they not wings ?

ENOCH.

Oh ! they are wings.—I am an angel now—
Changed to an angel without tasting death.
Oh ! who has wrought this change ? Was it not thou ?
I fain would learn thy name ; oh ! tell it me ;—
Speak, radiant seraph ! let me hear thy name.

FAITH.

My name is Faith, and I have wrought the change.
I am a daughter of the living God
That has been present with thee night and day
From childhood's earliest hours, and now thy days
And years being numbered in the flesh,
I've given thee wings—swift wings, that will outrun
The star-beam in its liquid path of blue.

ENOCH.

I do behold a world, if world it be,
A way in yonder firmament, that fills
All space with light, 'tis there the seraph sings ;
And there I fly—hence mount, oh mount, ye wings !

[*Exit ENOCH with the Angel Faith*

ADAH.

Oh, Azon, tell me,—what does this all mean !
Am I awake or is it but a dream ?

AZON.

Thou art awake, Adah, thou art awake :
To Heaven thy father's gone : yes, gone to Heaven
Too good and truthful for this wicked world,
The Lord has taken him unto himself.
The doom of Adam did not fall on him,
Virtue has robbed the grave, and death is foiled :
Our guide has gone, and left us in the dark.

ADAH.

No Azon, no : has left us in the light.

AZON.

For thee a light, but oh for me how dark !
Come let us journey down the mountain now,
And near its base, upon the fruitful plain,
Seek us a home.

ADAH.

Azon, I go with thee.
Where'er thy lot be cast, lo ! there am I.

AZON.

Only while life shall last thee in the flesh.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.

A plain at the foot of Mount Ararat.—Time, the morning before the commencement of Noah's deluge.—AZON and ADAH in a tent.

AZON.

Of this strange prophecy, the full purport
I am at a loss to know or understand.
What means this son of Lamech, when he says
The waters of the sea shall rise and sweep
All flesh from off the earth ? How can it be ?
Has the great Maker of the universe
Not given to the hoary sea its bounds ?
And yet the world is full of wickedness—
And he, this prophet Noah, is a man
Of holy heart—aye, one that walks with God
As Enoch walked. Upon his noble brow
Justice and Truth have written down their names.

ADAH.

There is a strange foreboding in my heart,
That for the wickedness and sins of men,
Some awful judgment in reserve is held.
'Tis mid-day, yet the skies are dressed in black !
The owl has left his covert, and the wolf
Runs howling o'er the plain. The pitying moon,

Behind her blood-red veil, in sorrow weeps.
But here comes one who is not of the earth—
The light of heaven is beaming from his face.

Enter an Angel of the Lord.

ANGEL.

I am commissioned by the Holy One,
To call thee, Adah, from the storm that comes
To drown the world. Like Noah, thou art found
With righteousness established in thy heart.
Make haste and go with me ; the rains are near ;
Loud peals of thunder shake the rocky hills,
And the fierce lightning brandishes his sword
Over a doomed, corrupt, and sinful world.
The doors of the ark are open yet ;
There thou wilt find a refuge from the storm.

ADAH.

Come, Azon, we will go into the Ark.

ANGEL.

Adah ! to thee alone the call is given.

ADAH.

To me alone ! Why no—it cannot be !
Thou comest to call us both, Azon and I !
Thou dost mistake, fair messenger !

ANGEL.

No, child
Of earth, my orders were express ; to thee

The invitation reads—to no one else.
The message comes direct from Heaven's lips.

ADAH.

By Heaven's lips we were pronounced one flesh.
Will Heaven's lips divorce what they have joined ?

ANGEL.

I serve the summons as 'twas given me.

ADAH.

Will the same power unmake what it has made ?
Do heaven's laws conflict with heaven's laws ?

AZON.

Go, Adah, with this messenger of God.
God will preserve thee safe from death or harm.
Azon, I fear cannot afford thee help
In such an hour as now approaches us.

ADAH.

My days are nearly numbered in the flesh.
Like to a tender plant, I have grown up
Beneath thy fostering care. Thy smiles have been
The sunbeams of my growth ; thy gentle voice
My poor heart's music ; and thy spirit's love,
Its food and nourishment. No, Azon, no !
I will not leave thee 'till I'm called away
By Death himself !

AZON.

Oh, what a cruel fate
That we should *ever* part !

ANGEL.

My time is up.
The storm has come—the inky clouds have burst,
And the mad rain comes down in torrents now.
If not with me, flee to the mountain tops,
For sure destruction waits thee on the plain !

[*Exit Angel of the Lord.*]

ADAH.

Where shall we go to find a hiding-place ?

AZON.

This rocky steep before us we will climb ;
The high and lofty Ararat, whose brow
Is far above the region of the storms.

ADAH.

Then hasten, and I will follow thee where'er
Thy steps may lead.

AZON.

No, child, it must not be !
My limbs are strong—they know no weariness.
Clasped in my arms and pressed close to my heart,
With strength unfaltering, I will bear thee up
Above the vapory clouds ; aye, place thy feet,
If it be needful, on yon mountain's top,

Where Winter sits enthroned from age to age.
Come to my arms—we have no time to spare !

[*Takes her in his arms.*

ADAH.

Azon, I fear I shall enumber thee !

AZON.

With thy soft cheek to mine, oh ! I could climb
Yon firmament of cloud or walk the storm !

[*Exit Azon, bearing ADAH in his arms.*

— — —

ACT IV.—SCENE 4.

*A defile among the lofty spurs of Mount Ararat.—Time, sunset ;
A number of days subsequent to SCENE 3.*

Enter Azon, bearing ADAH in his arms.

ADAH.

Oh, I am cold, dear Azon—I am cold !
My body is all wet—my limbs are drenched !
Is there no shelter from this driving sleet ?

AZON.

Put thy cold hands into my bosom, love,
And pillow thy pale brow upon my cheek.
We are so far above our native plains—
Near the high summit now of Ararat

My footsteps tread. We should be far beyond
The atmosphere of storms. The clouds ride not
So high at other times,—Nature has changed
Her course entire. Here from the dawn of time
Winter has sat supreme ; but Summer now
Has come to wash him from his ice-bound throne.
Here is a cavern, 'neath the shelving rock,
Where we may stop. Here I will put thee down,
And from the withered boughs of mountain-fir
That grow around the cavern light a fire,
To warm thy perishing cold frame once more.

[Enters the cavern.



ACT IV.—SCENE 5.

Interior of the mountain cavern.—Fire burning in the middle of the cavern.—ADAH lying down on the floor or bottom of cavern.—AZON standing by the fire.

AZON.

The flames rise up at last, and on the walls
Of this our rock-built dwelling throw their light ;
Here on this stone, before the friendly blaze,
I'll sit me down and clasp my fading flower—
But dost thou sleep my girl ?—thine eyes are closed !
The rose no longer blossoms on thy cheek ;—
Thy cherry lips, the cold, cold rains have bleached :
The potent leaf plucked from the Tree of Life,

Which thou did'st eat,—though centuries have passed,
 Up to this hour, has kept the blush of morn
 Upon thy face, the star-beam in thine eye,—
 Aye, buoyant youth has coursed within thy veins.
 But ah ! a change comes over thee at last,
 There is a fearful paleness on thy brow.
 Here, warm thy hands ; the blaze looks up to thee
 With sorrow and compassion in its face ;
 Upon this brand place thy poor frozen feet,
 Recline thy head upon my bosom here,
 And I will kiss the frost from thy pale lips,
 And thaw the snow-flake from thy brow of snow
 With my warm breath : aye, I will chafe thy limbs
 And rouse the currents of thy blood once more :
 The lamp of life no longer feeds itself.

ADAH.

O do not keep me here ! let me go home :
 Already have I stayed beyond the time.

AZON.

Where wouldst thou go my love ?

ADAH.

To Havilah,
 I would go back where he, my Azon lives.

AZON.

Alas, thy brain is turned, Adah ! Adah !

ADAH.

Let me go back to Havilah once more,

Unto my home by Pi-son's golden wave :
There lives my Azon, there my Lulah lives,
My husband is the King of Havilah ;
O, ye have heard of him, Azon his name—
He will redeem me, he will pay thy price
In gold, in bdellium or the onyx-stone.
Let me go back and see my lord once more,
His kingdom is most prosperous ; he rules
Not by the sword, his laws are wise and good.
He is a medium, that Heaven shines through
To light and bless the poor benighted world.
Were there no lights hung in the firmament,
His spirit's ray the day-dawn would restore.

AZON.

Was such the measure of thy love, fair one,
Like to an ocean without metes or bounds.
Is there no power to stay thy hand, oh Death ?
Must thou strike up thy horrid discord here,
Marring a music that should greet my ear,
Throughout the ages of eternity ?

ADAH.

Ah ! is it thee ? I do remember now ;—
Look here, my Azon—look into mine eyes.

AZON.

Their light goes out !

ADAH.

Nay be calm, it is
 Our last, last hour ! The summons now has come ;
 A vision vast, arises to my sight !
 Two roads I see, stretched out before us here.
 Together on the great highway of life,
 Thus far our journey has been side by side :
 But here the road divides, and we must part !
 Mine is the road that leads to Paradise,
 Upward its course till lost among the stars.

AZON.

And what of mine ?

ADAH.

Thine, O Azon ! Azon !

AZON.

Nay, speak it, for my heart beats not, although
 The tidal-current of eternity,
 Rush to its entrances ! a stronger power
 Has stopped its motion, speak, oh ! speak.

ADAH.

Oh ! Oh !

The lonely path ! the never-ending path !
 Barren as death, but infinite as time.
 I would that I could travel it for thee.
 I go, dear Azon, Lulah comes for me.

AZON.

O, Adah ! Adah ! why dost thou look thus ?

Oh ! do not die ;—resist the tyrant Death ;
 Defy his power ; frown in his ghastly face,—
 Thy breath is short and labored ! Dos't thou gasp !

[ADAH dies.]

Thy lips are cold ! speak, O speak once more !
 Once more ; and I will treasure up the word,
 As being the last that hung upon those lips !

SPIRIT OF ADAH.

Azon ! Azon !

AZON.

It is thy voice, although
 Thy lips move not !

SPIRIT OF ADAH.

Azon, good bye ! good bye !

AZON.

That voice comes like a mournful note from heaven !
 It sounds above me !—yet it is her voice ;—
 Oh ! thou art dead ; it is thy spirit's voice !
 Good bye ! bright child of Paradise ; good bye !
 Without thee, Paradise were incomplete !—
 Methinks, the envious seraphs have conspired
 With thee, O Death ! to steal my treasure thus !

[At this stage of the act a wave comes dashing into
 the cavern, extinguishing the fire and thereby
 producing instant darkness.—AZON, seizing the
 dead body of ADAH, rushes to the mouth of
 the cavern and speaks as follows :—

And hast thou come in search of me, oh sea ?
 I'd purposed this my Adah's resting-place,
 While yet the spirit and the clay were one.
 And being now divorced by cruel death,
 The thought occurred that I would make of it
 A dwelling-place for her poor lifeless dust.
 But as ye come with boisterous clamor here,
 To mock at sorrow, and disturb the dead,
 Away from your loud riot thus I bear
 This wreck of death—I'll seek for it a tomb,
 Where Ararat rears high his snowy crest.

[*Exit AZON, bearing the dead body of
 ADAH in his arms.*



ACT IV.—SCENE 6.

The summit of Mount Ararat, or the top of Silver Crest.—AZON with ADAH, lowering her down into a grave made in the snow.

AZON.

Like to a snow-flake here among the snows,
 I lay thee down ; for thy pure snowy limbs,
 The snows have furnished thee a winding-sheet.
 I would that I could carry thy dear clay
 To Heaven above, and have it there entombed ;
 There angels' tears would o'er it fall in showers,
 And flaming tongues thy mournful requiem sing :
 The loveliest flowers that bloom upon those plains

Would be sought out and planted o'er thy head.
But I can climb no higher than the bed
I give thee here. This mountain is thy tomb :
Here naught will find thee save the virgin snows ;—
And yet methinks I hear a voice of waves !
A deep base, like the roar of thunder, sounds
Beneath my feet !—Ah, I behold you now ;

[*The waves having arisen to the top of
the mountain, dash at his feet.*

Ye come like hungry, savage beasts of prey ;
But 'tis in vain ye follow in my path ;
Ye shall not feed upon this precious dust—
'Tis holy dust, I bind it to my heart
Until I find a proper sepulchre :
And should the rites of burial be denied,
These arms shall be its never-fading tomb,
And this, my heart, its lasting monument,
These eyes two sleepless mourners over it,
Forever steeped in grief and bitter tears.

[*Exit Azon walking upon the waters, bearing
the dead body of ADAH in his arms.*

ACT IV.—SCENE 7.

LULAH'S TOMB.—*Time, after the Flood; a few days previous to Noah's leaving the Ark.*—AZON standing at the mouth of the Tomb.

AZON.

Oh ! what avail these sepulchres of rock ;
These boasting, idle, monuments of stone ;
This gorgeous pomp and circumstance of Death ;
Poor fading things, telling of things that fade !
Here, in this tomb, I laid my daughter down
Two hundred years ago, and coming back,
I thought to find some relic of her left ;
Some crumb of dust ; showing that she had been.
But ah ! decay and change have done their work ;
The tomb itself is fading hour by hour ;
And she, that did inhabit it, long since,
Like to a short-lived flower, has passed away !
And yet within those unsubstantial walls,
Where once the child did slumber peacefully,
The mother I have placed.—There, gentle one
Thou mayest repose ! there take thy long, long sleep !
Divorced forever from these arms of flesh,
And married to the passionless cold rock.
Thy father's mantle, that has robed my limbs
Two hundred years, is now thy winding sheet.

It is a holy shroud, nor time, nor change,
Has dimmed its lustre.—To the elements
My bosom now is bared !—what matters it ?
There is no one to mark my nakedness.
Save Noah and his sons, all men have died.
The stains from earth, the avenging sea has washed ;
The sons of God, no longer walk with men :
All are confined to their respective spheres.
And yet methinks, away in yonder sky,
I do behold a bright and airy form !
That like a shooting star, leaves in its path,
Along the blue expanse, a stream of light :
Now as it nears me, I behold a look
That wakes the memory of other days ;
The face shines with the star-light of the past ;
Sorrow has left her shadow on that brow !

Enter MAGII.

MAGII.

Hail ! to thee, Azon, friend of years gone by.

AZON.

O Magii ! Magii ! can it be I hear
The music of thy voice ?—whence comest thou ?

MAGII.

From wandering up and down the fields of space ;
But now upon my way to Erebus.
The hour for my departure is at hand :
In chaos, near the confines of deep hell,
There is a world, called the “Enchanted World ;”

Where wizards, sorcerers and magians damned,
People its vast unmeasured solitudes :
There I am doomed to make my future home ;
I go to build an empire in those deeps,
I go to pay the penalty of sin.

AZON.

What sin was thine ? did'st thou too eat the fruit ?

MAGII.

No, Azon, no, but opened up a way,
Whereby the fatal fruit by thee was eaten.
The lust for power, has banished me from Heaven ;
And yet I do not mourn the loss of Heaven :
I sought to make my charms omnipotent,
And I have gained the object of my search ;
But it is gained at thy eternal loss.
Although it was thy bold, determined will,
That urged me on to execute the plan.

AZON.

I blame thee not. Thy portion of the loss
Thou hast sustained !—Thou art expelled from Heaven,
While I am bound perpetually to earth,
A thing, nor change, nor time can e'er efface ;
Outlasting, in its measurement of years,
Even time itself.—Behold me naked here !—
The weeds, that did this body once invest,
Were by the tooth of time long since consumed.

MAGII.

[*Pulling off his own robes and putting them upon Azon.*
Here are the garments I have worn since first
The morning-stars together hymned their song !
From Heaven's wardrobe they were then obtained ;
Such vesture is not worn in Erebus.—
I have no need of them ;—they fit thee well !

AZON.

Oh ! they are beautiful and speak of Heaven !—
Were they not cut from heaven's drapery ?—
This was a shred torn from the zodiac,
Spangled with twinkling stars !

MAGII.

Here is my harp,
My golden harp, and this my starry crown ;
I give them all to thee.—And yet, O Harp !
Before I cast thee down, from thy sweet chords,
One echo will I wake !—No more thy voice
Shall tell of angel-loves in Paradise !
No more in raptures, bursting from thy strings,
Will praise be wafted to the ear of God !—
I do remember once, before the throne
In concert with a thousand thousand harps,
I waked thy golden wires, when lo ! there burst
Such rivers of eternal glory forth,
As filled all heaven with praise and harmony !

SONG OF MAGII.

I hang thee, O Harp ! on the willow here,
For its branches are dry and its leaves are sere ;
Thy joyous strains will greet me no more,
On the peaceful bauks of that happy shore !

In the dance,—no more will seraphim's feet,
To thy notes, on the golden pavement beat ;
And he, that now wakes thy tuneful strings,
No more with the pure and the holy sings !

A kingdom, he builds far away in the deeps ;
Where the Lethean current onward sweeps ;
Where the wrathful wave falls, and the wild winds roar
Mid the caverns and reefs of that lonely shore !

From the distance afar ;—say, what do I hear ?—
'Tis the noises of chaos, that boom on my ear !
Throw open thy gates, O House of Sin !
That the king of thy sorrows may enter in !

He comes, he comes, in his car of flame !
Thy realms to conquer, thy deeps to tame !
The crater extinct, and the brands decayed,
Shall kindle anew where his path is made !

There is a mournful echo in thy voice,
That breathes of exile, tells of pleasures past !

Enter Angel of the Lord.

ANGEL.

I come, O Magii ! from the starry zone,
 The music of thy harp has reached to heaven ;
 Its sorrowing notes came to the ear of God ;—
 Give me the harp, that I may bare it back,
 Into an atmosphere of light and love,
 Where it may tell of God and heaven once more !

MAGII.

I would not have thee moulder here, O Harp !
 An exile from the land of joy and song.
 There is a spirit in thy golden strings,
 A spirit of undying harmony,
 That will alone to Magii's touch respond ;
 And yet I do surrender thee, O Harp !

[*Hands the harp to the Angel.*

ANGEL.

Come back to heaven, for without thy voice,
 The minstrelsy of heaven were incomplete !

[*Exit Angel.*

MAGII.

The Enchanted World, methinks were incomplete,
 Without the presence of its sovereign power !—
 Azon, Adieu ! a long adieu to thee !

AZON.

Magii, adieu ! a sorrowing, sad adieu ! [*Exit MAGII.*
 Gone, like the sunbeam when the day has gone !

If there were power in Death to break these chains,
My feet should also tread some airy path ;
I do bethink me of a course, O Death !
I have the power, the Necromancer's power
To leave this clay, and though each hour apart,
Might plunge my spirit in an age of woe,
Yet will I push to execution now,
The secret thoughts that crowd upon my brain.

[*Exit Azon.*

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

*The World of Enchantment, near the confines of Chaos and Hell.—
A Wizard Camp.—Wizards by the light of watch-fires dancing
around a Tomb.*

SONG OF THE WIZARDS.

Away, far away, in the bosom of space,
Where the stars never shine, and the sun has no place,
Beyond the wild comet's elliptical path,
Where spirits of goodness ne'er smile on our wrath,
Where the rainbow of peace never arches the sky,
Nor the pole-star of hope meets the wanderer's eye,
Where the green fields of April ne'er ope to the day,
Or the cool zephyr chases the white clouds away ;—
But where the black curtains of darkness unfold,
And the mystery and magic of all things are told,
Where the secrets of death, of hell, and the grave,
Are carolled and sung o'er the sorrowing wave,
Where the sheets of the dead for mantles are worn,
Perfumed with the slime of the reptile and worm,
Where the urn of its ashes is emptied and freed,
And the coffin-lid broken, the watch-fires to feed,
Where the outlaws of space meet their hunters at bay,
And where the wild vampire-ghost snuffs for his prey,
Where the wolf-clouds the grin of the red lightnings wear,
And the iron-lunged thunder growls hoarse from his lair,

Where yawns the black gulf, like the gape of a hell,
 Unknown in our secrets forever we dwell,
 With our deeds, names and natures shut out from all sight,
 Wild genii of hell and wizards of night !

Enter a Spirit.

SPIRIT.

I come, I come, with the lightning's speed,
 List ! list ! to my voice. Give heed ; give heed ;
 A death-charm is thrown abroad on the air,
 The thunder is out in his iron car !
 Our thrones are all crushed, and powerless our charms.
 Arise ye fell genii, to arms ! to arms !
 Wake ! wake ! ye the legions, of land and of sea ;—
 Repulse the Invader or cease to be free !

Enter a Second Spirit.

SPIRIT.

Where the goggle-eyed goblin howls,
 In his phantom dress !
 And the ghost from his black rock, scowls
 High o'er the abyss !

Where the cloud in its eddy lowers,
 Like the dimpling brine ;
 And the throat of the whirlpool devours
 The flood-wood of time.

Where the simoon comes in from the deep,
 O'er-burthened with groans ;
 And the gibbering hell-sprites leap,
 From their burning thrones.

Where the orgies of spirits damned,
Howl up from the waves !
And the ghastly gholes lie crammed,
In their festering graves.

Where the murderer's mummy is boiled
In the seething-pot,
And the serpent of death lies coiled
Round corpses hot.

By the vault, whose keys I keep,
I sat for repose ;
When lo ! on the face of the deep,
A death-charm arose !

On, on, in my orbit of flame,
As I traversed deep hell,
Like a mildew of death it came,
The all-torturing spell

Enter a Third Spirit.

SPIRIT.

The urn is my cup,
And the white skull my lamp ;
The grave is my temple,
My breath is its damp.

My food is the worm,
Taken fresh from the cheek,
Where the rose-tint could once,
Of its loveliness speak.

My name is “The Unknown !”
 I traverse all space,
 Though a million long ages
 I have dwelt in this place.

My pastime is torture,
 My battle-ground, hell ;
 Which I curb with my magic,
 And bind with my spell.

I have fought in the deep,
 And divided its power ;
 But a victor ne'er knew,
 Till I found him this hour.

The deep heaves with torture !
 My spirit with pain !
 What geni of hell
 Binds me thus with his chain ?

Enter a Fourth Spirit.

SPIRIT.

List ! ye spirits, list !
 From your works of damnation desist !
 For lo ! everywhere—in the sea and the air—
 Are the chokings of death and the groans of despair !
 In this fearful hour, say where is our power ?—
 Ah ! it fades like the leaf of a summer bower.
 To the Angel of Death our thrones are all given,
 That our cups may o'erflow with the wrath of Heaven.

Away ! haste away !—
At the seat of his power, your homage pay !—
Away on the wing, to the throne of our King,
The song of his triumph and glory to sing !
'Mid tortures and flame, ye may read his name !
Oh ! he comes the deeps of hell to tame ?
Down, down in the dust let our wands be cast,
Till the terrible storm of his ire be passed !

[*Exeunt spirits and wizards, as the camp is convulsed and the watchfires go out.*

ACT V.—SCENE 2.

A high Promontory, overlooking the Gulf of Chaos.—MAGII seated upon a throne of fire, surrounded by an immense concourse of spirits.

SONG OF THE SPIRITS.

All powerless we stand,
At the power of thy spell,
Encircling thy throne,
O Sovereign of hell !

We have raised on this rock,
On this high promontory,
A fortress of strength,
That shall speak of thy glory.

Now the world of enchantment
Before thee is bowed !

For thy breath is the whirlwind,
Thy vesture the cloud.

Thy voice is the bolt,
As it breaks from the sky ;
The lightning unsheathed,
Is the glance of thine eye.

We go at thy bidding,
We come at thy call,
Thy will is our law,
O tyrant of all !

The goblins of chaos,
Shall draw on thy car,
The Genii shall guard thee,
In peace or in war.

The dwellers of darkness,
The sovereigns of hell,
Shall rise at thy coming,
And bow at thy spell.

The fire-isles will glow
At the sound of thy name,
And the lonely volcano
Shall belch forth its flame.

The comet shall rouse him,
Away in his shade ;
And the morning, that breaks
On his sleep, be delayed.

The worlds, in the grave-yards
Of space, shall be stirred ;
And the voices of Night
And old Chaos be heard.

All powerless we stand,
At the power of thy spell ;
Awaiting thy mandates,
O Tyrant of hell !

[*Scene closes.*



AZON, THE INVADER OF EDEN.

PART II.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

An Arabian Desert.—Time, The latter part of the Nineteenth Century.

Enter ALI HARAN and a TRAVELLER.

TRAVELLER.

This road you say leads to the Enchanted Tomb ;
What mean you by such name ?

ALI HARAN.

Mean what the name
Imports.—Dost thou not know that near this place,
In the direction of yon hill of sand,
Upon a small oasis, a mere patch,—
Some hundred rods or more in compass round—
There is a tomb, called the Enchanted Tomb ?

TRAVELLER.

This is the first I ever heard of it.

ALI HARAN.

Would I could say the same ; it is a spot

Fatal to all that dare approach it near.
 I lost in that same place, some years ago,
 A *tasay heirie* of the choicest blood,
 A present from the Sultan, one as dear
 As my own wife or children. He was put
 In charge of a black slave, who should have tied
 Or looped the fore-leg of the noble beast,
 But this neglected : finding he was free,
 The animal strayed off towards this tomb,
 And seeing the rank grass and herbage there,
 Rushed with full speed, upon the enchanted ground,
 But Ah ! no sooner does he set his feet
 Upon the green, than down he falls, to rise
 No more. I made attempt to rescue him ;
 But, holy Allah ! what was my surprise ?
 When a strange numbness seized my quaking knees ;
 I beat a quick retreat,—the heirie died,
 Nor dared the ravens feast upon his flesh,
 They too had fallen, stricken down by death.

TRAVELLER.

This is a strange affair ! Yes, very strange.

ALI HARAN.

Well, thou canst see the place : I'll show it thee ;
 The moon shines brightly, we can go there now ;
 'Tis scarce a mile from where thy feet now stand.

TRAVELLER.

Well, lead the way and I will follow thee.

ALI HARAN.

This is the way ; the tomb lies east of us.

In the direction of yon star thou see'st !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I.—SCENE 2.

The Enchanted Tomb.—Time, Evening.—Moonlight.

Enter ALI HARAN and TRAVELLER.

ALI HARAN.

This is the place. Here we may stay our steps ;
We've gone as far as it is safe to go.

TRAVELLER.

Well ! well ! this is a curious scene indeed ;
Green grass, green trees, abruptly springing up
In rank luxuriance from the arid sands !—
That is the tomb, or what you call the tomb,
Between yon cypress trees ?

ALI HARAN.

Aye, that is it ;
There is a willow, likewise, standing there,
Also a plantain-tree with its broad leaf.
Now tell me what thou thinkest of the place ?

TRAVELLER.

I think it is a little island lost
Among the savage sands, and compassed round

With ugly-looking hills of reddish granite.
'Tis different though from what I did expect ;
It wears a cold, uncheering aspect !

ALI HARAN.

Ah !

Most forbidding ; though the full-moon now,
With her soft beams, mellows its terrors down.
But come and see it by the light of day,
And thou wilt swear, that 'tis the stepping stone
To hell.

TRAVELLER.

It is an uninviting spot,
But there must be some natural cause for this.

ALI HARAN.

Truly, a cause for trees, for grass, and flowers :
But then the tomb ! what think'st thou of the tomb ?
That is the mystery !

TRAVELLER.

The tomb is but
A relic of the past. In fact, I doubt
Its being a tomb.

ALI HARAN.

It is a tomb, mark that !
See it by daylight, and thou 'lt swear it such.
And furthermore, thou 'lt say that it was built
But yesterday ; it looks so fresh and new,
So little worn by time and change.

TRAVELLER.

It may

Not be so old as you imagine it.

ALI HARAN.

I've known it for these sixty years myself.
My father brought me here, to look at it
When but a boy, and he a grey old man.
I think he was some eighty years of age :
He told me of its great antiquity ;
How he had known it since he was a child ;
And that his father's father, as he made
A pilgrimage to Mecca, from his way
Turned out to see it, for about that time,
It was a thing of wonder and renown.
I have a parchment in my family ;—
A relic from the famous library
Of Alexandria, ere the Saracen
Set fire to it : the writer it appears,
Lived in the days of Father Abraham :
He speaks of this same mystery, a tomb
Between the Red Sea and the land of Uz ;
Amid the desert sauds, upon a small
Oasis, and whose origin was hid
In the remote and misty past ; although
It wore the impress of a thing then new.
None dared approach it even in that day.

TRAVELLER.

Ah ! what is that we see amid the grass ?

ALI HARAN.

The skeleton of my swift dromedary !—
 A fleeter ship ne'er crossed a sea of sand ;
 A bird of passage ; one whose feet were made,
 To kill both time and space !

TRAVELLER.

Did not the beast
 Die of exhaustion, or from lack of food
 Or drink ?

ALI HARAN.

No, nothing of the kind ! He had
 Been fed and watered but one day before ;
 Was vigorous and strong to bear his freight.
 When he escaped, he had upon his back
 Two bags of barley meal, two skins of water,
 Some gums and spices in a pannier placed ;—
 While to the saddle, hung a bag of dates.

TRAVELLER.

Were we in Java now, I'd say at once
 The Bohon Upas was no fabled tree.
 Perhaps some poisonous plants are growing here,
 From which the simoon draws its fatal breath.
 Let us walk round upon the other side.

[*Walks a short distance.*

But what is this ?—a light beside the tomb !
 A pale-blue beam !—O Ali ; what is this ?

ALI HARAN.

A light ?—Ah yes ! I did forget the light—
That light the Arabs call “ the demon-lamp.”
Above the tomb, for ages it has burned.

TRAVELLER.

Full forty years I've lived, but ne'er before
Found anything outside of Nature's bounds :
And this I think must come within her bounds.
But then what means that ghastly, cold-blue flame ?
It seems a hell-brand from the lake of fire !—
It burns as if to menace me !—let us go back !

ALI HARAN.

Aye, back !—methinks the gates of Death are here !

[*Exeunt.*



ACT I.—SCENE 3.

The Enchanted Tomb.—Time, morning.

Enter a SPIRIT OF SPACE.

SPIRIT.

I ride, I ride, by the sunbeam's side ;
As I traverse the ocean of space so wide,
Oh ! I dropped from the brink of a silv'ry sphere,
To look upon what lies slumbering here !

How cold is Death with his icy breath ;
How pale is the moon-beam that falls on the heath ;
But thy brow is untouched by the Monster grim,
And thy cheek wears the hue of the morning's beam

Ah ! life is there ; though the soul is bare,
And wings its way through the yielding air :
Oh ! the deathless clay, it never can slack ;
The spirit is free, but it must come back.

Oh ! who can tell of the inner hell,
Where the lone heart throbs in its dark, dark cell ?
O thou hast a heart weighed down with despair !
Its burthen is more than a heart should bear.

Away from this, to my world of bliss !—
A world as sweet as a cherub's kiss.
Since yester-noon have I urged my flight,
O'er a thousand orbs of glory bright.

Thrice did I trace, with a spirit's pace,
The deep of time and the gulf of space ;
Thrice have I gazed on all that be,
And now at last have looked on thee !

[*Exit Spirit of Space.—Scene clos*

ACT I.—SCENE 4.

AZON'S *Grave, or the Enchanted Tomb.*—*Time, Midnight.*—
The Tomb opens and Azon comes forth.

AZON.

Start not, ye stars!—Be not dismayed, O earth!—
Soft, soft, ye elements! be calm, ye winds!—
Ye have seen this face before!—'Tis Azon comes!—
Azon, of old! he who belongs to earth!—
He cannot sleep!—There is too great a load
Upon his breast; the nightmare of the grave,
And incubus of night, with his dark dreams,
And visions mix. Four thousand years have passed
Since he laid down these ashes 'neath this soil;
Four thousand years to earth, with all their change
Have marked their footsteps o'er this cursed clay!—
How slow is time; how sluggish this dull earth!
That like a snail, crawls round its little lamp;—
Methought, that thou, O earth! long ere this time,
Hadst lain beneath the dark'ning coffin-lid;
And with it had been gulfed this clay of mine!
For where I've been, moments, as reckoned here,
Are lengthened out to dreary ages long;
As ages seem eternities of time:
Whose hours are countless, as the particles,
The leaves, the dew-drops, of a globe like thee.
In such a time as this I hoped, O World!

To shake thy clay and damned ingredients
 From me, to break the link that binds us both
 In one, and carry round this hell no more.
 But all that I have suffered, naught avails !
 This body, like its soul, immortal is ;
 I was in hopes the worm had eaten it,
 And it had backward turned to mother dust ;
 But ah ! those hopes were vain ! The same fresh hue
 And color of the rose is on it yet.
 These limbs, that should have been an icy cold,
 Are charged with warmth and vitalizing heat.
 The heart heaves with a power omnipotent,
 Defying the grim Monster with his worms.
 And thou, O Tomb ! the work of angel-hands,
 It was in vain I thus sought to allure
 By mockery of his prey the phantom death.
 The spirits reared thee in a fertile vale,
 Which, save this patch, a desert has become.
 Likewise art thou immortal ?—there is left
 No trace of years upon thy snowy front !

[*As he speaks the tomb changes its lustre.*

But art thou changing now so soon ?—what, dim !
 The golden characters have already lost
 Their brightness ; and the bone-white marble fades.
 Aye, now 'tis crumbling, falling piece by piece ;—

[*The whole monument falls.*

Ah ! all fallen ;—a heap of dust remains !—
 What ages could not do, a moment's done.
 Where'er I turn my eyes, they meet decay
 And change :—all change ;—Nature is built on change :
 'Tis the great current that sustains and keeps

The universe from rottenness and death ;
A quickening, life-pervading principle
That reaches all save me. I am the same
Lone wreck, as was I on that fatal morn,
Whence dates this long eternity of woe ;
This dull monotony of endless years.
And through the listless periods of time,
Whose infinite of hours will torture me,
I shall remain the same in mind and clay.—
But where will Azon go ?—The earth again
Swarms with its multitudes of men and beasts.
From desert wastes, cities have sprang to light !
While he has slept, the plodding mind of man
Has gained a mastery o'er the elements !
Land, water, air, and light, and heat, are made
The ready slaves that wait upon his will.
Even the untamed lightnings of the sky,
Have left their habitation in the cloud,
To be his messengers. Obedient
To his call they come, and say ; “Here are we.”
To build a highway for his chariot wheels,
Huge mountains have been pierced or levelled down !
Gulfs have been stopped, and mighty rivers spanned ;
Where swifter than the storm, his steeds of fire,
In iron-harness yoked, sweep o'er the course !
A passage for his lightnings he has laid
In ocean's silent depths !—and continents,
Before divorced by wide and watery wastes,
In love and wedlock join. No more is seen
The galley, manned with oars, hugging the coast
And trembling at the vengeful billows wrath !

But in its stead, the white-winged stately bark,
Spreads out her magic pinions to the storm,
And boldly steers into the foamy deep ;
Scorning his pride, and mocking at his wrath.
Man has become joint ruler with the gods ;
Each hour reveals his heavenly origin ;
Deeming himself an heir to heaven's wealth,
His eagle eye is fixed above the storms.
His unrelaxing, mighty energies,
Sleepless as time, would grapple with the stars.
On, in thy course, O man ! the sea has bounds,
Limits where it must stop, but thou hast none.
Steer out into the deep, 'tis infinite !—
Let joy and sunshine live within thy heart ;
For all that be, is thine !—'twas made for thee !
But Azon, has his limits like the sea !
Of all the countless race of woman-born,
He is the only poor !—but one small world,
Whose light is borrowed, can he call his own :
No interests has he with the human race,
No destiny to achieve, no hopes like theirs :
No love for woman-kind, since Adah died.
Be still, O heart ! thine Adah is in heaven,—
Beat to her memory, thou canst do no more !
Imperishable, undying love is thine !—
But where will Azon go ? where make retreat ?
His dwelling now must be the mountain tops,
The arid deserts and the barren wastes.
Put on thy starry robes ! gird up thy loins !
And seek thee out some lone and silent place.

[*Exit Azon,*

ACT I.—SCENE 5.

Summit of Mount Sorato, Bolivia.—Time, near Sunset.—Thousands of years subsequent to SCENE 4.

Enter Azon.

AZON.

No trace of vegetation here is found !
The wild-thyme and the lichen dare not climb
To this high altitude ; the condor's wing
Ne'er scaled these lofty battlements of snow.
Dressed in thy spotless robes, O sacred Mount !
Thou art a fit companion for the stars ;
The rosy morn imprints her first fond kiss
On thy fair brow ; and daylight from thy snows
At eventide steps into Heaven's gate.
I dwell among thy solitudes, O Earth !
Save rocks, and rivers, clouds, and winged storms
Save howling cataracts and sounding seas ;
Save silvery stars, bright suns and rolling moons,
Azon has no companions. Since that hour,
He from the grave these atoms did exhume,
In Nature's temple has his home been made.
Were the long periods of that life marked down,
One round of dull monotony 'twould show.
So many years in such a crater lodged ;

So many ages listening to the roar
Of ocean's sounding surf.—A century passed
Among the floes and currents of the pole ;—
Two centuries more among Sahara's sands.—
Thus would the changeless history read on,
Throughout the rounds and periods of time.
Thou goest to thy watery chambers now,
O glorious Day ! In all thy joyous course,
Nature has smiled responsive to thy smile :
But here is one on whom thy smiles are lost.
Oh ! thou great Orb of light, thou dazzling Sun !
Were all thy beams converged upon my soul,
That soul of darkness would ingulf them all.
Or were this bosom opened, there would burst
A darkness, that would throw a pall across
Thy visage bright.—But now thy fiery shield
Dips in the waters of the hoary sea ;
And yet, around the gateway of the west
No gorgeous clouds are piled ; the inky sky
Reflects no golden rays :—thy light has gone !
But in its place, ten thousand lamps appear.
This is thine hour, O Nature ! for repose.
Here, on this high and crested pinnacle,
Azon will watch while sleep thus seals thine eyes ;
No need of slumber or rest has he ;
His brain is past fatigue or weariness ;
No fluttering throb e'er breaks upon his heart,
No drowsy moods, or dullness of the mind,
Forgetfulness, or errant wanderings.
Oh ! how unlike to this all other clay,
That life, and death, and times, and seasons change !

Man fades away, his body seeks the tomb,
His soul goes back to God—the Fountain Head ;
The hills grow old with years, and level down ;
The mountains crumble at the touch of time ;
Even satellites back to their planets fall :—
And planets sink into their suns at last.
But thou, O Azon ! to one orbit fixed,
Shall dance a changeless round of endless years,
With gloom and sorrow ever on thy soul,
And youth immortal ever on thy cheek.

[*Scene closes.*

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

*A Mountain in Assyria.**Enter Azon.*

AZON.

The earth grows old, already she has lived
Beyond her time. The resurrection morn
Is drawing near ! the slumbering dead will wake ;
The living will be changed and called away,
To stand before the flaming bar of God ;
The wicked will be banished into hell ;
The good will reign with Christ forever more :
And of thine offspring, O my Mother Earth !
Of all the countless millions thou hast nursed,
Save only one, all will abandon thee.
And thus neglected, from thy path dismissed,
Thy path around the sun, where will thou go ?
What highway wilt thou travel then, O World ?
Wilt thou go back to that great fountain-head *
Of light and heat, and from its seas of flame,
Kindle anew the fires that age has quenched ;
Or wilt thou seek the unexplored abyss,
Of night and chaos, and there find a tomb ?
I neither know thy place or destiny ;
The time is near when all will be revealed ;

* The sun.

The Resurrection morn is near at hand ;
Adah will wake, and Lulah too will wake :
I know the spot where their dear dust was lain,
And now in haste I will repair to it,
And when my Adah and my Lulah burst
The fetters of the tomb ; I'll be the first
To hail the light of those bright morning-stars ;
One hour, beside the mother and the child,
Were worth a thousand years in Paradise.

[*Exit Azon.*

ACT II.—SCENE 2.

And the Spirit said to the Recording Angel ; “ Write it down, for it is the last upon the page of the great Record of Time,” And these are the words that were written :

“ I stood upon the shore of the great sea and above the sound of its waves; and, solemn as the sea itself, a voice spake saying :

“ Why hangest thou at mid-day thus idly in thy clouds ? O Moon ! and why O Sun ! burns thy lamp, with feeble and sickened ray ? There is a song of sorrow sung by the sighing winds ; the music of the groves is hushed, and the glad voice of the cataract is turned to a wail !—Has joy forsaken thy borders ? O World !—There is a look of dismay in thy face ! the rose from thy cheek has faded, and fear and trembling have seized hold of thee !—Do the dark clouds affright thee ? or the strange preparation going on in the sky disturb thee ?—There is a sound as of chariots and of horsemen ; the air is beat by unseen wings !—Dost thou read upon the walls of the

dark firmament, thy terrible doom ?—The lightning's hand traces it there in fearful and burning characters.—Ah ! yes, thy guilty heart interprets ;—thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting !

Think not of prayer now, O man of wickedness and sin ! think not of escape ;—the ear of God is deaf to thy cries, the sword of justice has overtaken thee !—There is no shelter from the storm. The mountain nor the cave, the rock nor the tree, can now hide thee ! neither will thy gold buy thee a ransom !

Weep and wail, O ye mighty ones of the earth !—ye who have said, in your hearts, “There is no God ! there is no future ; there is no tribunal beyond the grave ; what matters it whether we do good or whether we do evil ?” Weep, and wail ! for the last hour, in the calendar of time, is melting away like the snow-flake in the sunbeam.

Let fall the sceptre, O ye rulers ! cast away the crown ; forget the throne ; there is no defence in the bulwark : the warrior's arm is palsied and weak ; there is no spirit or power in the armed host ;—the sword is broken and the proud ensign of war is torn down.

Like a waif upon the stream of time, hast thou floated O World ! till at last the sound, of the great ocean of Eternity, breaks upon thy startled ear ; with one sweep of his vast waves he will engulf thee !”

And then I saw an angel flying in the clouds of heaven, and he cried with a hurried and loud voice :

“It has come, it has come, that terrible day,
When thy glory, O World, is passing away !
For behold in the skies, the herald of time ;
Eclipsing the sun in his flight sublime ;

Like the sun, is the light of his awful face ;
His eyes are two orbs in the depths of space,
He spreads his broad wings like clouds of fire ;
At his coming, the clouds to their seas retire :
And the seas send up to the moon a wail ;
As the moon and the stars grow wan and pale ;
And pale is thy cheek, O world of crime !
For he comes in his wrath, the Angel of Time !”

Then the Angel of Time came, and placing one foot upon the sea and the other on the land, and lifting his hand to heaven, swore by Him that liveth forever and ever that time should be no more.

Then I saw another angel, with wonder and dismay pictured in his face, and the words that he spake are these :

Time is no more ! his golden wheels have stopped ;
Oh ! dreadful pause. The seraphim have wrapped
The mantle of the night around the sun ;
His chariot wheels are broken in the sky !
Old Father Time is in his winding sheet !
His scythe and glass have fallen from his hands !
The stars that dwell along the skirts of night
Have left their thrones all vacant and alone,
And in the galaxy and aisles of heaven,
Assembled stand !—Shedding the bitter tear,
And sending out, upon the mournful winds,
Voices of lamentation and deep woe ;
A lovely sister lies upon her bier !—

Stopped in its orbit, like a foundered bark,
 That ships a ruinous breaker, reels the earth !
 Arrested too in her diurnal course,
 The waters, from the equatorial seas,
 Rush towards the pole ; melting his snows away.

[*Scene closes.*



ACT II.—SCENE 3.

ADAH and LULAH's Tomb.—Enter AZON, walking up before the mouth of the Tomb.

AZON.

This is the place, here I will stay my steps ;
 And when the mother and the daughter wake,
 Azon shall clasp them in his arms once more !
 It is a strange affair, a mystery !—
 No doubt all things with God are possible ;
 But can it be, that from this dust and mould,
 This voiceless clay, I tread beneath my feet ;
 That has been mixed and stirred for ages past ;
 Evaporated, carried by the winds,
 Absorbed by plants, worn by the human form
 A thousand times ; aye, even taken in
 The composition of the flinty rock ;
 Say, is it possible, this dust shall rise
 And build men's fallen fabrics up anew ?

[*Trumpet of Gabriel sounds.*

Gabriel, thy trump !— oh ! what a storm of sound ;—
The firm old earth rocks to its centre now :
The starry roof of heaven methinks will fall !
The ear of Death has heard the awful peal !
From every eyelid slumber now retires :
The living in one moment's time are changed ;
And all are taken up into the air.

Ah ! now the dead themselves break from their tombs.
The palm-tree, underneath whose shade I stood,
Has taken human shape and gone to heaven !
The earth moves like a seething cauldron ;
Crawling away from underneath my feet !—
Is there no solid ground on which to stand
Or stay my steps ?—Here is a grey old rock
Of igneous origin, whose birth dates back
Into the mist of unremembered years ;
Ages, ere Adam saw the light of day,
There is no human dust in thy hard bosom ;—
I'll rest on thee !—Boil up thou mighty Sea !
Evaporate thy particles ; for methinks,
From each and every drop of thy vast holds,
A thousand beings wake with life and hope
Renewed ;—and waking, mount into the sky !
But where is Adah ? and my Lulah where ?
Will *they* not rise and leave the mouldy tomb ?—
I thought I saw my angel Lulah then !
A being passed me like a star from heaven.
And now a shape comes up like Adah's shape !—
All but the lily brow and starry eyes.
Make haste, O Grave ! surrender up thy dead ;—

Another lovely form then passed me by !

[ADAH *rises.*

And now another comes !—What !—Adah !—Adah !—
Oh ! thou art Adah.

[*Falls down at her feet.*

ADAH.

Azon, can it be ?

AZON.

He who was Azon once !

ADAH.

And met once more !

AZON.

Aye, met once more, perhaps to part *no* more !
A morn has come, through the long night of life,
While all have slumbered, has thine Azon watched !

[*Trumpet sounds.*

ADAH.

The trumpet calls !—canst thou not go with me ?

AZON.

I still am bound ; I cannot leave the earth !
But thou canst stay with *me* ?—Come to my arms,
And I will hold thee fast !

ADAH.

All, all have left ;
And yet the trumpet sounds a louder note !—

It sounds for me !—A cloud ! behold a cloud ;
The winds are hushed, and yet the cloud rolls on ;
Voices and thunderings come from out the cloud !

AZON.

I see a cloud of fire, big as a world,
Moving through space ; and as the cloud unfolds,
A great White Throne appears !

ADAH.

And he, O he !

Who sits upon the throne !

AZON.

An angry God !

Alas ! alas !—Cover thy face poor me !
Those eyes are portals, whence eternity,
With all its vast infinity looks through !

[ADAH is caught up into the cloud.—AZON falls down in a state of insensibility.—The Earth being repulsed, flies away from its orbit into space; fully verifying the passage in the book of Revelation, by St. John, where he says : “ And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was no place found for them.”]

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Space.—Outside our own Universe, or cluster of Stars.—Time, thousands of years subsequent to the Judgment.—The Earth enters, moving with a great velocity.—A partial chaos of its Elements.

Enter upon the Earth, Fiends and Phantoms of darkness.

SONG OR REQUIEM.

We come, oh ! we come, with the thunder-scared wreck ;
We have gained it at last,—for our hands to deck
In the garb of despair, and the weeds of woe ;
Hence, Nucleus :—away to the gloomy gulf, go !

Thy requiem we hymn by the lightning's red glare ;
To the cold winds of winter thy bosom is bare ;
Away, hence, away to the blank of despair !
For thee or thy birthright, oh ! who will now care ?

Thy cradle henceforth is the surge of the deep ;
Where thy mummy will boil, and thy temples will steep ;
Thou art stripped of thy robes, O thou once haughty queen !
As palsied and cold is thy nakedness seen.

The brightest of stars on the canvas of blue,—
Thy flower-wreath is changed for the cypress and yew.

Away,—hence away ! on thy perilous track ;
The gulf is before thee, thou ne'er shalt come back.

The day-beam no more will illumine thy brow ;
For ruin and death have o'ershadowed thee now ;
In thine orbit untrodden, the wild-grasses spring,
As a sad song cf mourning thy fair sisters sing !

And the Moon, thy chaste daughter, with tear-swollen eye,
A lone, friendless orphan, now walks in the sky ;
She will light up thy nights and thy darkness no more,
With her bright vestal smile, as in ages passed o'er.

Thy pine-trees have fallen, thine oaks have decayed ;
Thy palm-groves no more will invite to their shade ;
The white, virgin lilies no longer will bloom,—
The roses of Sharon are lost in the tomb.

The anthems of Ocean, are heard now no more ;
The ice-chain has bound him, his songs are all o'er.
The loud strains of Erie, like dream-notes have passed ;
And the roar of Niagara has died on the blast !

We have brought thee, O World ! where the loud thunders
roll ;
Thy tropics are dressed in the garb of the pole ;
The fires in thy bosom extinguished shall be,
As the frost-chain doth fetter each river and sea !

A lifeless, cold lump, of darkness and death,
Accursed by thy Maker : repulsed by his breath !

Beyond every land-mark in space thou shalt run,
Outstripping the star-beam or light of the sun !

Enter Azon.

AZON.

Avaunt ! ye damned fiends ; mock not the dead !
This dust is sacred, 'tis my mother's dust !—
Ye have no power upon it ; it is mine !—
Back, to your homes ! your fiery homes in hell !
I bear my mother to her silent tomb.
If ye would follow in the funeral train,
And mourn with me, then ye are welcome here.
But if ye come to make a mock of death,—
As now I read it in your hellish eyes :—
I cast a spell upon you and a curse,
That shall dissolve the texture of your power.
Away ! I do compel you by a charm,
That will o'erreach the orbits of your being.

[*Exeunt fiends.*

Like shadows they have vanished into space ;—
All soon will fade and vanish from my sight ;
The lamplight, of the changing firmament,
Dims hour by hour.—Star after star appears,
Mocking me with the splendor of its beams,
Then slowly from the inky sky retires.
The light of the volcanoes too has died :
Kiraui, Cotopaxi, Stromboli ;
Ætna, and Hecla, and Vesuvius hoar !
That from your sickened, fevered stomachs once,
Rivers of liquid fire did vomit forth.

Winter has sifted down your gulf-like throats,
His suffocating snows, and bound your bowels up,
In constipating ice. Ye are extinct !
And thou, O world condemned ! O fallen world !
What woeful end, what ruin is not thine ?
The wrathful meteor each moment lifts
The shroud from off thy pale, distorted corse,
Revealing one vast wilderness of graves ;—
Of empty yawning graves, with marble slabs
And monuments, defaced and overturned !
What periods measureless have passed away,
Since thou, O World ! wast exiled from thy path !
When first I woke, from the all-withering frown
Of Him who sat upon the Great White Throne,
I found myself amid a sea of flame :
I saw the forests burn like prairie grass,
The green grass withered, and the herbage died ;
Like a vast seething pot, the ocean boiled ;
The steam-ship and the white-winged bark went down
Like hissing brands into the scalding sea.
Cities were in an hour to ashes turned ;
Crowns, sceptres, thrones, the palaces of kings,
The wealth of empires, all were given up,
Without reserve to feed the hungry fires.
No sun, no moon, no stars were in the sky :
No light, save from the lightning's glaring eye,
That looked with fiendish menace from the cloud.
The thunder bellowed with a ceaseless voice ;
His sullen roar the earthquake answered back ;
The mad volcano spouted forth his flame ;
The glaciers loosened, leaped into the sea !

The angry sea howled with the voice of hell ;
As land and wave in fierce encounter met.
These were thy writhings in the hour of death,
O World ! they were thy last expiring throes.
Ah ! I was there in that most trying hour ;
I saw the death-damp gather on thy brow !—
And then the thought came to my heart once more !
That I thy child might find a grave with thee ;
I wandered round, amid thy funeral-fires,
And vainly dared the elements to war.
I struck the noisy thunder on his mouth ;
And shouted “Coward !” in the lightning’s ear !
I climbed to Cotopaxi’s sulphury top,
And hurled me down into her lava-sea.
But on a pyramid of flame I rose
Again, unscathed, unharmed.—Upon a spur
Of Andes, then, I did myself compose ;
Where I beheld thy conflagrations die.
Then, like a tyrant with his bars and chains,
Old Winter came, and fettered thy great heart !
He bound thy lakes, thy rivers, and thy seas,
And in a winding-sheet of ice and snow,
He robed thee for the dark and voiceless tomb.
And since that hour, though countless years have passed,
I’ve wandered ‘mong thy graves, myself a grave,
That ne’er will know a Resurrection morn.

[*Exit Earth with Azon.*

ACT III.—SCENE 2.

Chaos.—The Earth moving with great velocity.—Azon standing upon a mountain or high elevation.

AZON.

The thunders, now of Chaos, greet my ear !
The grave-yard this, where systems are entombed.
Here thou mayest slack thy pace, O mother Earth !—
Go down into this yawning grave ;—fear not !
The grave is but a quiet house of sleep.
There all thy sorrows will be wiped away ;
From there each particle thou layest down
Will be reclaimed. Sleep, sleep, O mighty Dead !
Over thy head I'll rear a monument ;
And on it write thy name and epitaph.
I would there were a grave for Azon too !—
When thou art slumbering, what will Azon do ?—
Shall he sit down and chronicle the hours
Of thy long sleep, and wait the morn to come ?
When Chaos shall conceive, and from its womb,
Thou springest forth a rosy infant world.
Then may he not,—still in the spring of life,—
Be named the “ Adam of a Second race ?”
But wilt thou not abate thy fearful pace ?—

Thou art beyond the centre of the deep ;
 And yet thou fliest swifter than the light !—
 Oh ! stay thy course ;—all is a void beyond !

[*The Earth passes on with Azon,
 as the scene closes.*

ACT III.—SCENE 3.

Space.—Outside the bounds of the Universe.—An Abyss of Darkness.

*Enter the Earth with unabated motion.—Azon upon the Earth,
 looking back upon the faint light of two stars.*

AZON.

Bound to the accursed wreck ;—the damned star !
 Adieu ! to all that's lovely, all that's fair,
 To light, and life, and yon vast sea of worlds.
 The universe is passed, and naught remains,
 Save the faint flickerings of two mighty suns.
 Adieu ! ye friendly beams ;—but would ye 'tempt
 To tread the gloom of this immensity with me ?
 Ah ! it were vain ;—too long, too long the race.
 Adieu ! ye friendly orbs, whose golden rays
 Now greet me last :—I wave the farewell hand,
 Although a trace of either scarce is left ;—
 Of either !—one is lost—already lost,
 And one alone remains ; a feeble ray,
 And trembling in the painful distance hangs,

Soon to be quenched beside its rival sun.
O friendly, friendly Beam ! thy wings are tired ;
How dost thou linger, loth to say farewell !—
If Azon could but keep thy feeble lamp,
To light him down into this fearful grave ;—
This grave without a bottom or a bound,
Then would he ask no more :—But Fate says, no !
He hears a sweet voice whispering now “ Farewell ! ”—
Thou too hast gone, blest Beam ?—Farewell ! farewell !
The light of life is quenched ;—and now, O World !
Away into the black of infinite.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Heaven.—A bower by the River of Life.

Enter ENOCH and LULAH.

ENOCH.

Ah ! this is Heaven ; my cup of bliss o'erflows !
More joy and happiness than I can drink !—
High in the zenith of its joyous course,
The star of being burns.

SONG OF LULAH (*accompanied by the harp*).

From the Throne a fountain gushes ;
In its waves, are life and love ;
Light eternal from it blushes,
Filling all the courts above.

Here, flaming tongues repeat the story,
Of a Saviour's love so sweet ;
Here angels cast their crowns of glory,
At the great Redeemer's feet !

Here are voices, 'round me ever,
Blither than the morning's voice ;
Here are hearts, that time will never,
With his rolling years divorce.

Here the Rose sends out its odors ;
And the Lily its perfume ;
And healing plants along the borders
Of the golden rivers bloom.

Here the day is ever beaming
One eternal Sabbath-day ;
From the Throne a light is streaming ;
Lighting systems far away.

Here the Tree of Life is growing
Apples like transparent gold ;
Better far the juices flowing,
Than the nectar famed of old.

Come, oh ! come, and drink the waters,
From the dews of love distilled,
Sons of God and angel-daughters,
'Tis for you the cup is filled !

[*Scene closes.*

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.

Another part of Heaven.—ADAH in a bower, Angels gathered around her.

ANGEL *to ADAH.*

Sweet sister ! there's a cloud upon thy brow ;
A pearly tear-drop standing in thine eye !

SONG OF ADAH, (*accompanied by the harp*).

Let the stars forget to shine,
And the silvery streams to run ;
Let the cherub's mate repine !
Or the planets leave their sun ;

Let the harps before the Throne,
Forever cease to beat ;—
Yet there's an Absent One,
That I never can forget.

If from the past we borrow
The heaven of to-day ;
Then here's a cloud of sorrow,
That no pleasures can allay.

The angels round me gather,
The bright and blissful host ;—

But, Azou cometh never,
He numbers with the lost.

Though the echo of my sadness
Through Paradise may run ;
Yet it were more than madness,
To forget the Absent One.

There's a rapture in the air !
And a glory all divine !
There's a fullness everywhere ;
Save in this heart of mine.

I will give my throne in glory !
I will give my starry crown !
To him that will restore me,
The lost and Absent One !

Enter ENOCH.

ENOCH.

The harps, before the throne, have ceased to beat ;
The song has stopped and to a murmur died.

ANGEL.

Wake not thy harp, fair seraph !—wake it not !
Though it be sweeter than the morning's voice !—
For through the shining ranks its echoes run,
Bearing a mournful note.—Nay wake it not !

Enter GABRIEL.

GABRIEL.

It is the last sad note that heaven shall hear !
Oh, truthful child ! thy love, omnipotent,

Running out thus into eternity
 With its perpetual clamor, has at last
 Broken the link of Fate !—Mercy divine
 Is made to interfere ; and Justice asks :
 Where is the Feeder from the tree of Life ?
 The voices of the morning-stars, call out
 For his return. Praise languishes in Heaven :
 Jehovah intervenes ! O stubborn Fate !
 An angel's tears, through countless periods,
 By drops accumulating, have at last
 Thy flood-gates broken down !—He must return !
 Uriel ! speed thou upon the spirit-wing,
 Away beyond the light of sun or star,
 Step o'er the yawning gulf of chaos wide,
 Plunge out into the ebon grave of night,
 Seek out the exiled earth, arrest its course,
 In chaos find for it a proper tomb,
 And him who was immortal once in flesh,
 Whose puny hand sought to achieve what God
 Alone in his omnipotence could work,
 Azon, the mighty Azon ! bring thou here ;
 The deathless clay, to spirit now is changed.
 Jehovah's power, and that undying love,
 The type of God, placed in his children's hearts,
 Have conquered fate !

URIEL.

Before another hour,
 Is noted down in Heaven's calendar,
 Azon shall stand before the throne of Light !

[*Exit Uriel as scene closes.*

ACT IV.—SCENE 3

Heaven.—Near the gates.

Enter GABRIEL, IVON, JUBAL and ENOCH.

GABRIEL.

The ways of God are wonderful, past finding out.
It was indeed a bold and daring act ;
But what were Azon's motives to the act ?
Was he not aiming at a noble end,
To reinstate man's immortality ?—
Passing the love of God within the heart,
And faith in God, was there a nobler mind
E'er graced the earth ?

Enter AZON and URIEL.

But lo ! the lost is found ;—
Thou comest, Azon, from the mould of earth !

IVON.

Oh thou that wert my brother, welcome here !

JUBAL.

Welcome ? oh ! yes, all Heaven impatient waits,
[Embracing Azon.
To clasp thee in their arms and call thee “ Brother.”

ENOCH.

Oh, Azon ! Azon ! I'm thy brother too.—

[*Embracing Azon.*]

Fear not, the morning of Eternity,
Though myriads of years have passed away,
Has scarcely dawned.—Oh ! welcome, welcome, here.

AZON.

Keep back the light ! O God, keep back the light !—
The music of these voices drowns my soul !

GABRIEL.

Thy coming, Azon, fills all Heaven with bliss !
The golden harps now beat a louder note,
And every heart is pulsing wild with joy !

AZON.

Keep back the light ! O God, keep back the light !—
So sudden from the darkness of the grave,
These floods of glory will extinguish me !

URIEL.

Azon, fear not ! Death cannot reach thee here.
Here grows the Tree of Life,—Oh ! how unlike
The tree that fed thee once.—No flaming swords,
Or wrathful cherubim are set to wail
Or hedge it in ;—behold the fruit is fair !
Reach forth thy hand and pluck the golden fruit.

AZON.

Not till I taste the fruit of Adah's lips,
And drink the light from Lulah's love-lit eyes ;—
Oh where are they ?

Enter ADAH and LULAH.

URIEL.

Behold ! the brightest stars
That shine mid Heaven's firmament of stars !

[ADAH and LULAH *spring to Azon's arms, as the curtain falls.*

ACT IV.—SCENE 4.

A flowery bank by the River of Life, beneath the shadow of the Tree of Life.—Angels passing and repassing.

Enter AZON, ADAH, and LULAH, with Crowns upon their heads and Harps in their hands.

SONG.

From the gloom of the past, joy comes at last,
In its music-flow, like an ocean vast.
We have numbered our years, of sorrow and tears,
Now we join in the song with the tuneful spheres !
Oh ! this is sweet Heaven,—the Eden of space !
Where the Sovereign of glory unveils his face.

Oh ! now it were madness, to dream of sadness ;
 In this sinless abode of joy and gladness !
 'Neath the sheltering wings of the King of kings !
 In the home of the blest, where the seraph sings !
 Oh ! the anthems that break from the blood-washed host,
 To the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost !

Here are fountains of pleasure, and love without measure :
 And better than all is the heart's dear treasure.
 'Neath the light of the Throne, in this blissful zone
 The stars like flowers in our paths are strown !
 Oh ! this is the home of the blest and free,—
 The Central Orb of Infinity.

Here are voices that sound from the deeps profound,
 As the echo of gladness goes round and round :
 Sweet music is swelling, of God it is telling ;—
 Oh ! it fills the courts of our angel-dwelling !
 As the clouds of the throne rain love and manna,
 Sing ! sing to the Lord ! Hosanna ! Hosanna !

Joy here and joy there—joy everywhere !
 Oh ! it flows with the streams and it fills the air !
 'Mong birds and sweet flowers, in our fadeless bowers,
 We dance the round with the rosy hours !
 Oh the hours fly on, but we laugh them away !
 For we drink from the fountain—Eternity !

On the wings of desire, what raptures inspire !
 The stars are below us, but God is yet higher !

Great Fountain of Light ! ever spotless and bright,
Oh ! who will e'er climb to thy cloudless height ?
Thine arms are around us, thy bright shield is o'er us ;
Salvation our song,—oh ! swell the loud chorus !

[*Scene closes*

THE END.











Q

f

B

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 228 008 1